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AUGUST 3, 1970

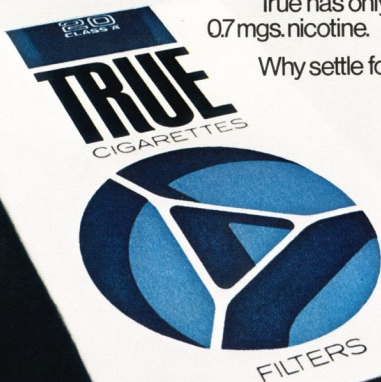
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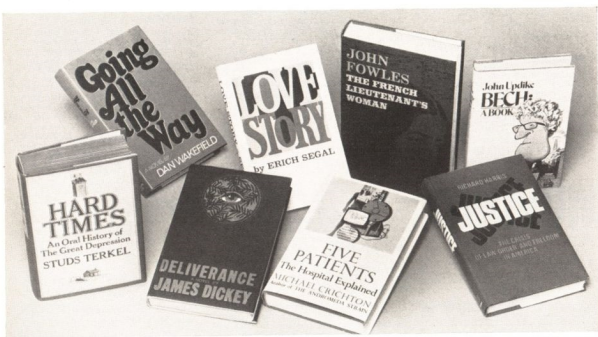
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## LETTERS

### Ho Hum

Sir: When we recite the roll of the boring [July 13], how can we leave out that evangelist of bisexuality, Gore Vidal? And who could think of either Vidal or boredom without thinking of the King of Leer, William F. Buckley Jr.? Who could be more tiresome than Billy Graham?

The list is obviously far from complete.

DAHL A. DILLARD

Coffeyville, Kans.

Sir: Senators McGovern and Fulbright, all the Kennedys, and most Democrats.

MRS. MAX D. BEARD

Rillito, Ariz.

Sir: Dr. Benjamin Spock.

MAUREN W. HEALY

Otis Air Force Base, Mass.

Sir: The bore who tells the world whom it should be bored by.

CYNTHIA B. ARMSTRONG

Manhattan

Sir: George Wallace.

WAYMAN C. DUNLAP

Little Rock, Ark.

Sir: The Smothers Brothers.

ROY N. REECE

Santa Rosa, Calif.

Sir: John Wayne.

MARIO CAMPUZANO

Madrid

Sir: The news media that create the bores by gushing overexposure at the slight-

est whim, word or fancy shown by celebrities who are, after all, only people.

MAXINE B. McCLAIN

Painesville, Ohio

### Creative Critic

Sir: The article concerning the House vote on the Cooper-Church Amendment [July 20] unfortunately overlooks the impressive credentials of our colleague, Congressman Donald Riegle Jr., of Michigan.

Don Riegle has been an outspoken critic of the war in Viet Nam. He and Congressman Paul N. McCloskey Jr. were the first members of Congress to propose the repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. Their position has since been adopted by the Administration, and repeal of the resolution has since been favorably acted upon by the Senate.

Congressman Riegle's leadership has been an important force in the congressional effort to conclude hostilities in Viet Nam. The response to his leadership on the Cooper-Church Amendment, 153 votes, was the high point in the effort of the House to limit U.S. involvement.

GILBERT GUDE (R., MD.)

HOWARD ROBINSON (R., N.Y.)

BRAD MORSE (R., MASS.)

CHARLES MOSHER (R., OHIO)

THOMAS F. RAILSBACK (R., ILL.)

SILVIO CONTE (R., MASS.)

House of Representatives

Washington, D.C.

### Cry about Hues

Sir: "Gay Pride" [July 13] makes a brief and trivial point. You can bet, by damn, that if all homosexuals were black, or members of some other over-sponsored minority, doubtless some august institution like the late Warren Court would long ago have clamped a doubly protective constitutional shield around us. Individual dignity, it seems, comes in only a few colors these days, none of which is lavender.

WALTER B. RISNER

San Francisco

### Grasping for Grapes

Sir: In "Winding Up the Cambodian Hard Sell" [July 13], you accuse the President of trotting out the old theories and answers, but the questions posed by the networks' top reporters were so repetitious, unimaginative and plain boring that the answers necessarily plowed over old ground. The questions could easily have been far more incisive.

If Nixon was guilty of inflated rhetoric, it was not in equating the Cambodian campaign with D-day and Stalingrad, which he did not in fact do, but in referring to Seavreid, Chancellor and Smith as "historians." The real historian is, of course, Nixon, whose understanding of events, and ease in explaining them as grapes hung too high for your foxes to grasp.

DUDLEY M. ZOPE

Lexington, Ky.

### Hysteria and Beyond

Sir: However abundant it may be on earth, life not only as we know it but as we can imagine it appears to exist nowhere else in the solar system.

If rarity augments the preciousness of a jewel, how astronomically inestimable is the value of the flora and fauna on

this globe. Will we then continue to give evidence of the sanctity with which we regard life by driving other species into extinction? Having read in your magazine that blue whales are being decimated to make butter [July 13], I feel like laughing to hysteria and beyond.

PAUL HANSON

Medical Librarian

University of California

Los Angeles

Sir: Maybe it is a good thing that the moon has no wildlife. Despite our progress in some areas, we persevere in our slaughter of this earth's creatures. Whether it be the killing of leopards or baby seals or alligators or whales for economic reasons or the killing of thousands and thousands of sea fowl by unnecessary dumping of oil wastes at sea, this planet's wildlife suffers unto extinction at our hands.

Look out, universe! Here we come.

F. CHANNING WAGG, 3RD

Acton, Mass.

### Mash Note

Sir: You state that I would never have hired Bob Altman for his last picture if I had known Altman had previously made *That Cold Day in the Park*. The fact of the matter is that not only did I know that Altman had made *That Cold Day in the Park*, but I hired Altman for *M\*A\*S\*H* [July 13] only after I had screened the picture. Also, I have never "bad-mouthed" Bob Altman either before or after the production.

RICHARD D. ZANUCK

President

Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

### Dog Days

Sir: It amazes me that people so well versed on nuclear power, marine biology and air composition cannot see their own hypocrisy in owning a dog in New York City [July 20].

BARBARA L. SCHULTZ

Manhattan

Sir: All dog owners should be made to carry a dog baggy and a shovel and do their own pickup.

MRS. JACK B. WALLACH

Water Mill, N.Y.

Sir: I would be delighted to tell my people, "Do it for Hamill."

(MRS.) NANCY LEE ROBERTS

Pittsburgh

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**Your mother-in-law knows  
a sports car from a station wagon.**

**Shouldn't you know  
at least that much about  
the basic types of life insurance?**



Cars and life insurance are usually a man's affair.

You know cars well enough to feel that the one you're driving fits your needs. Maybe even your life style.

How about life insurance? Are you all checked out on what's what?

We'd like to refresh you about the basic models. And not in twelve-cylinder terms.

First off, there's a model like a family station wagon. It's called "whole life."

It's an instant estate, and it covers you for life. It builds up cash value.

When the day comes that

you want to retire, you can trade your cash value in for a regular income or straight cash.

The second kind of life insurance is called "term." It covers you for a given period of years. Say five. After that, it stops. It has no trade-in value.

It's protection for risks of a definite duration. For special purposes . . . like a rent-a-car.

The third model of life insurance is more like a custom sedan. It's "endowment."

You pick an age when you want the policy to mature, and pay into it like a

long-term savings plan. The payments are higher than "whole life," but so are the cash values it builds. And the instant estate is still there.

These are the three basic models. Maybe you'd like to know more about the various features. So you can talk with your agent more knowledgeably.

If so, we have a booklet that will help. It's called "Your Life Insurance and How It Works."

Write for it to:

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than 19,000 miles, you can keep it.

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reading 19,926 miles) to Mr. Paul Hughes of Hokah, Minnesota.

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## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Demythologizing

People tend to believe what they want—or need—to believe. A recent Chicago *Daily News* and *Sun-Times* survey found, for example, 17% of those interviewed in Charlotte, N.C., convinced that the Apollo 11 moon landing a year ago was only a Hollywood fake. On quite another level, many Americans will not countenance the thought that U.S. soldiers could possibly have massacred Vietnamese civilians at My Lai.

Other "myths" make the rounds regularly. Two of them, however, fell victim last week to authoritative debunking. For some Americans it has been an article of faith that the campus upheavals of recent years could not be the spontaneous work of their children, but must in fact be the fruit of sinister plotting and manipulation by the Communists. A corollary conviction has it that any dissenters who come off the worse from encounters with law enforcement officers undoubtedly asked for it. Both were knocked down by no less an authority than the Federal Bureau of Investigation. William C. Sullivan, the bureau's No. 3 man, said that there was "no centralized conspiratorial plot stemming from the Communist Party" behind the campus uprisings, although, he said, the Communists had tried to exploit the unrest. And the FBI investigation of the Kent State killings discloses that the Ohio National Guardsmen who opened fire, killing four students, were not surrounded by demonstrators and could have controlled the situation without shooting.

#### The Gold-Bar Surplus

Since American troops first went into combat in Viet Nam in 1965, the U.S. Army has been desperate for that most expendable commodity of ground warfare: second lieutenants. Until mid-May, the Army was processing aspiring officers through its Officers Candidate Schools like widgets. Now the press is off. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird has cut down total Army strength by 200,000 men since last year. More cuts are in prospect, so now the Army is trying as hard to discourage O.C.S. applicants as it was working to encourage them earlier. Most applicants are three-year enlistees. To stop them coming, the Army is now offering them assignments as enlisted men at any post they choose at home or abroad—and cutting a year off their enlistment into the bargain.

#### Mobility After Death

For a long time now in California, the land of Forest Lawn and Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*, the law has allowed relatives to do only two things with the ashes of their cremated dead. They may be left in a cemetery or they may be scattered to the winds—but then only if from an airplane flying at



LAUNCHING ASHES IN "THE LOVED ONE"  
Toward freedom of disposal.

least 5,000 feet up and three miles out to sea. No doubling up to reduce charter fees, either: no more than one loved one may be strewn per flight. Keeping Uncle's ashes in an urn on the mantelpiece, next to the pewter sconces and Aunt Sadie's silver-framed portrait, is currently a misdemeanor under California law.

All these cinder blocks will vanish under a bill passed last week by the state senate that would lift all restrictions on ashes disposal. If the state assembly and Governor Reagan agree, Californians will soon be free to scatter the charred remains of friends from the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge, under a favorite ocotillo plant in the Mojave Desert, or even at a freeway interchange in downtown Los Angeles.

OLE STROM was astrummin' a new and angry tune. At a Washington reception given by Southern Republican leaders, Senator Thurmond kept jabbing a bony finger into the chest of Bill Timmons, a conservative Tennessean and President Nixon's top congressional liaison man, berating him about the Administration's school policies ("I've got marks all over me," reports Timmons). The South Carolina Senator also complained that he could not get to see Nixon as often as he liked. Spotting Attorney General John Mitchell, he lit into him too. Then, on the Senate floor, Thurmond charged that the Administration was pursuing "a Northeast philosophy" and warned that "the people of the South will not support such unreasonable policies."

Thurmond had ample reason to be angry. He had stuck his neck out for Nixon in Dixie in 1968, fashioning a Southern campaign strategy that helped Nixon pick up 75 electoral votes in the peripheral South despite George Wallace. Many voters heeded bumper stickers that proclaimed: STROM SAYS YOU CAN TRUST DICK. For a time, Nixon's go-slow policies on school desegregation made Thurmond look good back home. But now he felt betrayed. The Administration was filing desegregation suits, threatening to send federal lawyers into the South in September to pressure local officials as schools reopen, and insisting that private academies cannot exclude blacks and still qualify for tax exemption. How could Dick do that to him?

No Vigilantes. There were at least three reasons for what looked like a turnabout in Administration policy toward the South: 1) the Supreme Court had ruled last October that there could be no more stalling on school desegregation, so the Justice Department had to get tough; 2) the sooner desegregation could be completed, the less likely it would be to loom large as a 1972 presidential election issue, and 3) the Administration needed to increase its appeal in large metropolitan areas outside the South—and to moderates within the region.

But Nixon obviously does not want any kind of real break with Thurmond or with large areas of the South. Calling an impromptu press conference, he said that he preferred "cooperation rather than coercion" and thus had no plans to send "vigilante squads" into the South. Vice President Agnew said that there is "no shift to the left" under way in the Administration. The Internal Revenue Service quickly approved the tax-exemption applications of six Southern academies on their mere statements that their classes were open to all races. Strom started smiling again. He said soothingly that Nixon "understands the South far better than some of his aides and underlings."

But the Administration's policies on

# Northern-Southern Strategy

racial issues are still under fire. The National Urban League's Executive Director Whitney M. Young Jr. said at his group's annual convention that he did not think the Administration was anti-black; that there are "contending forces" within it; and that he sees "some signs that elements are moving forward to bring about change" on racial matters.

Nevertheless, he added, the Administration "faces a credibility gap of enormous proportions" with blacks. He noted that Nixon had "asked black Americans to judge him by his deeds and not his words; we have done that—and we have been greatly disappointed." He revived his 1963 plea for a domestic Marshall Plan to help all poor people, black and white.

The controversy was perhaps even more intense within the Republican Party's own ranks. Kevin Phillips, a former Justice Department official whose 1969 book *The Emerging Republican Majority* outlined a basically conservative strategy that depends heavily on capturing the South, now writes a newspaper column. In it he took the position last week that current Administration policy runs the risk of losing both North and South. Charging that White House aides had "clumsily orchestrated an excessive policy shift" to-

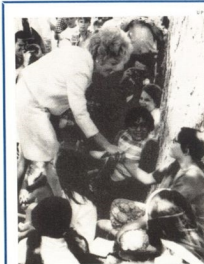


THURMOND PELTED BY MARSHMALLOWS  
IN PITTSBURGH SCHOOL LAST JANUARY

ward the left. Phillips argued that the Administration is "progressively alienating not only Southern conservatives but the Reaganite West and elements of the conservative intellectual movement"—and doing so without gaining any offsetting liberal support.

Administration officials insist that they have no intention of abandoning any part of the South to George Wallace, although they concede that they had hoped their policy had been conciliatory enough to undercut Wallace and prevent his victory in Alabama. Despite Wallace's survival, "nobody's writing off the Wallace states in any shape or form," says one Nixon official.

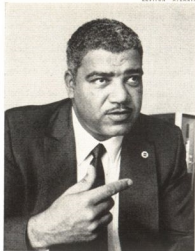
**No Room to the Right.** The Republican Ripon Society, a group dominated by young liberals, issued an 84-page examination of the relationship between the G.O.P. and the South. It charged that the Nixon Administration was "embarked upon a cynical and racially divisive path that can only end in tragedy." Moreover, the report said, any policy that tries to adjust "to the fears and prejudices of a narrow class of voters in the end is bound to fail." Based on a detailed state-by-state analysis, the Ripon report argues that there is "no room to the right" of rural Southern Democratic politicians for the Republican Party to move in; that Southerners will almost always prefer a conservative Democrat to a conservative



## The Nixons Traveling West

**ESCAPING**, if only briefly, from the heat and problems of the capital, the President and his family paused on their way westward last week to visit the American heartland and refresh themselves in the clear air of the Western plains and mountains. Mrs. Nixon showed the Administration's concern for the original Americans as she greeted Indian children in New Town, N.Dak. The President made friends as he hailed the pioneer spirit of the Mormons at a meeting with church elders in Salt Lake City. Honored and flattered by his visit, citizens in Fargo, N.Dak., turned out to cheer enthusias-

tically as the President said, "It's great to be in rural America." He was also greeted by a front-page open letter in the *Fargo Forum*. In a survey of local farmers, businessmen and young people, the *Forum's* reporter found the natives restless. Among their comments: "This economy is killing us . . . Nixon is spending too much on entertainment in the White House and in the war . . . We're getting less and paying more and more . . . We just have to get out of Viet Nam and spend that money at home." It was one of the few discordant notes of the Nixons' trip.



YOUNG

Greatly disappointed.

Republican; and that the real opportunity for the party lies in an appeal to "the new South," which is largely urban and increasingly liberal in its attitude toward economic and social problems.

Even Wallace, the report says, gains votes partly because he is an economic liberal in the populist tradition despite his racial views. Noting the success of such moderate Republicans as Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller, Virginia Governor Linwood Holton, Tennessee Senator Howard Baker and Texas Congressman George Bush, the report contends that such candidates "won by appealing to just those groups that the Southern strategy rejects."

SABOT—WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS



"IS THIS YOUR GRATITUDE  
AFTER I TOOK YOU IN?"

## The President Is Listening

PRESIDENT Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia caused an extraordinary upwelling of dissent within the U.S.—a surge of dismay and protest that Nixon himself did not fully anticipate. Campuses erupted with all forms of protest, including mass strikes and a quickly organized march on Washington after four students were killed during a demonstration at Kent State University in Ohio. In that tragic week, the President acknowledged that he needed direct lines of communication with the nation's campuses. He soon enlisted two highly regarded university administrators, Chancellor Alexander Heard of Vanderbilt and President James Cheek of largely black Howard University, as ambassadors to the White House from academe.

During two months of lengthy meetings with Nixon and top members of the Administration, Heard, as the President's special adviser, and Cheek, as Heard's consultant, offered the President some unvarnished advice, and last week the substance of it was made public. Nixon and the students, they said, are not talking the same language. The students who disagree with the President's policies do so out of deep and sincere conviction, they reported, and if he is to lead the nation successfully, he ignores them at his peril.

**Bark Off.** In a 40-page memorandum released by the White House, Heard and Cheek made a twofold plea to the President. He should take serious steps to increase his awareness of the genuine concerns of his two most alienated constituencies, the young and the blacks. And he should make it clear to both groups that he not only understands their views but also takes them into account in making national policy, even if he disagrees with what they have to say (see box).

In a personal statement, Heard gave the President full marks for paying close attention during four private meetings. "The President made clear to us his serious concern over campus developments," Heard said. "He has displayed openness and a searching interest in what we had to say about campus beliefs and their significance for public policy and national leadership. I judge the mission to have been worthwhile." Last week he told reporters: "I believe the President and his assistants are much more fully aware of the scope and the depth of concerns on the campuses and in the black community than they were two months ago."

Since the Heard-Cheek critique gave it to the President with the bark off, why did Nixon make it public? One White House aide suggests: "Maybe it was to indicate that he is willing to listen, and is not ashamed of the fact that he's listening."

**Understanding Parameters.** On many counts, there is evidence that Nixon is indeed listening. One Heard-Cheek rec-

ommendation was that the President should give special responsibility to a senior White House staff member for liaison with higher education; Nixon has already designated Robert Finch, the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, to carry out that task. Finch is one of Nixon's more liberal counselors. Heard and Cheek proposed that Nixon give special aid to colleges primarily serving black youth; last week Finch announced that funds in the new federal budget for those purposes will be increased from \$80 million to \$100 million. The two university heads urged extra federal aid to poor students, white and black; the Administration's higher-education bill incorporates that proposal.

The memorandum includes other suggestions that are more tenuous, and therefore more difficult for the Administration to act on so specifically. The President should "increase his exposure"



PROTEST RALLY AT WHITTIER  
Heeding one of his most

to representatives of both the black and the academic communities. He should "take initiatives welcoming young people into political and governmental processes." He should try to grasp why the blacks and the young fear repression; justified or not, that fear is a political reality with which he must deal. And the President should "use the moral influence of his office in new ways designed to reduce racial tensions and help develop a climate of racial understanding." None of those things can be done overnight, but the fact that Nixon was willing to make his chastisement public suggests—as Finch put it in bureaucratese—that the President

at least understands "the parameters of the problem."

**Not in Order.** As Heard and Cheek were phasing out their study of the desperation that Kent State brought to the surface, the surprising results of an FBI investigation of what actually happened on that warm and tragic May 4 noon came to light in the *Akron Beacon Journal*. Officials of the Ohio National Guard argued from the start that their men fired in frantic self-defense against snipers and against a tightening noose of students throwing rocks and bottles. Not so, according to the FBI reconstruction of what really took place: the Guardsmen were not surrounded by demonstrators, they had not run out of tear gas, and they could have kept the situation under control without firing into the crowd.

A Justice Department report, prepared for Portage County Prosecutor Ronald Kane after an investigation by more than 100 FBI agents, advised that



COLLEGE, NIXON'S ALMA MATER alienated constituencies.

six of the Guardsmen could be criminally charged; the shootings "were not necessary and not in order." According to the FBI, no Guardsman had been injured at the time of the shootings, and none of them were in danger of their lives. One shot at a student who was merely making an obscene gesture. During the eleven seconds of firing, says the FBI, 13 students were hit by bullets. Nine of the 13 victims were struck in the side or in the back, which suggests that they were not challenging the Guardsmen frontally when shot. After the fusillade, one Guardsman reportedly shouted hysterically: "I shot two teen-agers! I shot two teen-agers!"

## Interpreting the Young

*Excerpts from the memorandum by Dr. Alexander Heard and Dr. James Cheek to the President:*

**W**E do not believe that our national government really understands that a national crisis confronts us. The young may be trying to tell us things we ought to hear.

The President uses words that mean one thing to him but something different to many students. For example, he has emphasized that he and students both want "peace." By "peace" students mean an end to the killing immediately. To them the President seems to mean not that, but "a just peace" and "self-determination for South Viet Nam," which they see as probably meaning maintenance of a pro-American regime in Saigon, continued U.S. military presence in Southeast Asia, and whatever military action is necessary to produce these ends. They do not believe Hanoi can be induced to negotiate. They find unthinkable using enough military power to force Hanoi to negotiate.

What the President regards as successes, students often regard very differently. Reducing the troop level in Viet Nam by sometime in 1971 to something over 200,000 men seems to many in government a formidable achievement. The President so proclaims it. Yet to the young, who face the draft and think on the time scale of youth, these withdrawals seem wholly inadequate. They are not seeking to avoid personal danger. Rather, they abhor personal involvement in a war they perceive as "immoral."

Fifty-eight percent of the students [in a nationwide poll] agreed with a statement that, compared to a year before, the United States had become a highly repressive society, intolerant of dissent. Among the evidences of repression often cited are: "police brutality," in a variety of forms ranging from hostility toward demonstrators to the alleged unjustifiable assaults on the Black Panther Party; curfews; prohibitions against assembly of more than a limited number of persons; sledgehammer statements by public officials impugning the motives of dissent; and discouragement of outspokenness on grounds of protocol or propriety. The arrest of students and faculty after your speech in Knoxville for "disrupting a religious service" is taken as evidence, as are the attacks by construction workers on students in New York and on the veteran and his family in St. Louis.

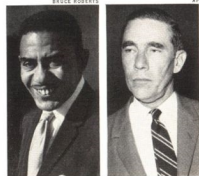
The President's visit to the Lincoln Memorial on May 9 was a splendid act. Reports got about, however, that the President passed pleasant queries about surfing and football. That offended students, who felt immersed in

a national tragedy, like telling a joke at a funeral.

The President and some students proceed from vastly different assumptions. The President says, "America has never lost a war," as if "winning" or "losing" were the important consideration. He seems to them to hold attitudes, derived from the Cold War, such as the domino theory, and to view Communism in Southeast Asia as a source of danger to America. Wrongly or rightly, many of our best informed students do not share these assumptions.

The President speaks of maintaining "national honor" and implies that this can be done through military power. Students distressed with the failure of their country to achieve all its ambitious ideals at home and abroad think of "national honor" as something yet to be attained. They see the Viet Nam War and its effects at home as obstructing fulfillment of their concept of national honor.

Rather than emphasize what is good about America, most students emphasize



CHEEK

HEARD

what could be better about America (which frequently appears to be merely an emphasis on what is wrong with America). Therefore, any form of injustice and inequality, such as is evident in our racial problems, is taken as an indictment of the entire social system, regardless of its improvements over the past or its relative superiority over other societies.

Students, blacks and others who are disillusioned simply must feel that their President has sincerely listened to them, listened with an ear willing to learn from them. They want assurance that he has given thought to their feelings and views, and even though not always agreeing with them, has taken those feelings and views seriously into account in making national decisions. Young people, in all their variety and conditions of organization, need to be viewed as full-fledged constituents of government.



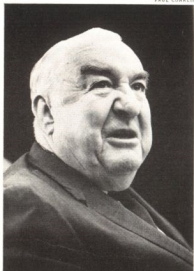
## THE SENATE

### A Response to Fear

Crime and fear of crime are ever-growing realities of the city streets, and nowhere are they more acute than in the District of Columbia. Last week the Senate responded to the condition and the mood by passing the tough and controversial D.C. crime bill. The 54-33 vote was carried by a coalition that cut across party and traditional philosophical lines to come down for a measure that provides for broadened wiretap powers, preventive detention and "no-knock" entry when police officers feel that revealing their identity might result in destruction of evidence or endanger their lives.

The Senate fight against the bill was led by North Carolina's conservative Democrat Sam Ervin, whose image as

PAUL CONKIN



NORTH CAROLINA'S ERVIN

the strictest constructionist of them all has moved him to combat such diverse events as civil rights legislation and the proliferation of computerized data banks. Ervin's argument that the bill was unconstitutional persuaded only two of the Southern colleagues who had followed his legal lead on so many other bills. And he was opposed by a collection of liberal Northern Senators who might ordinarily be expected to share his constitutional conviction that the bill must be defeated. Opponents were hampered by a scant week's debate on the complex, 243-page bill. But the overriding factor deciding many key, usually liberal votes was the magnitude of Washington's crime problem and the scope of the issue's political ramifications in an election year.

**Desperate Crime.** Democratic Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana was one of the earliest to show the temper of the Senate. After President Nixon scored the Congress in June for failing to act on his anticrime legislation, Hartke, who faces a tough re-election race against a

conservative Republican opponent, issued a statement to his constituents praising the merits of the Nixon proposals. Wisconsin's Democratic William Proxmire explained that the Senate's and the public's fear of crime outweighed obscure and difficult-to-explain constitutional rights: "Where you have a desperate crime-increase situation, you take measures you might not take otherwise."

But it was Charles Percy, a first-term Republican from Illinois who will not run for a second term until 1972, who better reflected the Senate's mood. He had strong doubts about the bill when it was first reported out of conference. After attending the funeral earlier in the week of a Chicago policeman slain by snipers, he returned to Washington to vote for the D.C. crime bill.

The Republican leadership fell in line behind the President; Hugh Scott vot-

VERBLOK—WASHINGTON POST



"IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM."

ed for the bill, as did his potential challengers for the post of minority leader, Robert Griffin and Howard Baker. The Administration kept up the pressure: Justice Department official Donald Santarelli was a constant visitor to the Hill; Attorney General John Mitchell appeared early in the week to sanitize the language of the debate, changing "No-Knock" to the presumably less odious "Quick Entry."

But in the end, it was not constitutionality, lobbying or more palatable phrases that carried the day. On the floor, Senators talked of the "balance" of good and evil, and safeguards in the bill that leaned toward, if they did not wholly embrace Fourth and Eighth Amendment rights. Proponents applauded its proposals for such reforms as an overhaul of the District's clogged court system and a public-defender program. The fine distinctions, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield asserted, could be decided later in the courts. Opposition Leader Ervin protested that by then the D.C. bill would be a model for a fed-

eral law affecting the entire nation. The American Civil Liberties Union moved quickly to close the time gap. The day after the bill was passed, its National Capital Area chapter promised to challenge the constitutionality of the 1970 D.C. crime bill.

## RADICALS

### Storm Clouds for Weathermen

The Federal Government reaffirmed last week that the bellicose Weathermen deserve to be taken at their word when they vow to make war on American society. The radical group, a grand jury charged, contained a criminal revolutionary conspiracy complete with a central directorate, small cells, explosives and the intent to kill.

It was not the first criminal charge against the Weathermen, a breakaway faction of the Students for a Democratic Society, but it was the most encompassing. The indictment was filed in Detroit because, it was charged, the conspiracy was born at a secret meeting of the Weathermen in Flint, Mich., last December. Among those indicted was Weatherman Leader Mark Rudd, 23, the former Columbia University student who rose to S.D.S. prominence through his generalship of the student uprising there two years ago.

Justice Department officials said they built their case by working backward from the rubble of a New York City town house, blown up in an accidental explosion last March after it had been turned into a bomb factory by the Weathermen. According to the indictment, the Flint conspirators (and others the grand jury could not identify) formed a central committee to direct "focals"—cells of three or four activists—in the bombing of "police and other civic, business and educational buildings throughout the country."

To carry out the conspiracy, the Weathermen allegedly traveled around the U.S. with false identities, using coded messages, to get the guns and explosives they needed. Although the indictment cited 21 overt acts furthering the conspiracy, no actual bombing was charged. Federal officials said that there was an attempt to blow up the Detroit police officers' association building, but the bomb never went off.

The indictment amounted to a stage set that lacked most of the cast of characters. Of the 13 defendants, only four are in custody. Rudd and eight others are fugitives. The indictment carries the clear implication that police succeeded in infiltrating the security-conscious movement. It was learned that undercover men for both the New York City police department and the FBI attended the Flint meeting. But Justice Department officials were not optimistic about bringing all the defendants to trial soon. "We expect to arrest some of them, but we will probably not get them all," said Will Wilson, head of the Justice Department's criminal division.



# The Russians Are Eight Feet Tall—But So Are We

Dr. John S. Foster Jr., Director of Defense Research and Engineering, addressed a group of Washington reporters last week on what he sees as a burgeoning threat to the U.S. posed by Soviet strategic weapons deployment and a high level of weapons research. He spoke as the Senate entered another round of debate over military spending and deployment of an anti-ballistic missile system. Last week the U.S. also formally presented the Russians with a plan for mutual limitations on both ABM and offensive missile systems (TIME, July 20). Thus Foster described as "extremely important" the maintenance of the Pentagon's credibility with the Congress and the American people. He posed the matter to newsmen partially as "a challenge to you folks" and said, "I'd welcome any suggestions." TIME Senior Correspondent John L. Steele, who was present, has a few suggestions.

Dear Dr. Foster:

The German poet Goethe once said: "I can promise to be frank; I cannot promise to be impartial." That's not a bad guideline for officials who seek, as you do, to maintain credibility in areas of extreme controversy, and credibility itself, I think, implies a certain completeness—or a symmetry—in dealing with the data upon which arguments are based. Perhaps I can illustrate this best by using some of the things you said, and didn't say, in your remarks.

You produced a scale model of the Soviet SS-9 missile to illustrate your point that "the worrisome thing is that it's very large" and carries a payload "something like ten times" that of the considerably smaller U.S. Minuteman. What you said was undeniably true. Their missile can carry a 25-megaton warhead; or, if eventually tipped with independently targeted re-entry vehicles, it could carry three warheads of five megatons each. Our Minuteman carries a one-megaton warhead, or, as with the new Minuteman III, three warheads of lesser power.

But there was a good deal more to this apparent U.S. shortfall. The Soviet missiles are designed for totally different purposes than ours. Defense Secretary Laird has said repeatedly that the logical reason for Soviet development of their huge weapon is to strike first at the U.S., and to strike at our Minuteman silos below the ground. Hardened silos require a huge weight of explosives for their destruction.

By contrast, our Minuteman is designed for no such first-strike function. It exists for retaliatory strikes on "soft" targets such as Soviet cities. Given this purpose, the Minuteman is hardly small; with its accuracy, it is capable of destroying on a one-for-one basis—one missile, one city.

We could match the Soviets for gross size, if we decided to do so. But we developed solid propellants for our missiles in part to enable us to shrink missile size and weight, making our missiles less susceptible to tracking and interception. Moscow uses, in its SS-9, a storable liquid fuel that leads to huge size and huge explosive yields. It is this fear-some first-strike capability, in fact, on which you base your rationale for U.S. deployment of the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system; it is meant to protect our deterrent second-strike capability. I am among those who favor an ABM defense around our missile sites as a shield against the SS-9. But I also believe that your comparison of the Soviet SS-9 and the U.S. Minuteman is misleading; they are different weapons systems designed for different purposes, and this

should be made clear in the interests of credibility.

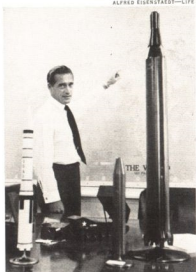
Secondly, and along the same lines, you said that the Soviet SS-9s "are going in at the rate of at least 50 a year," and you added that the smaller SS-11s "are going in at the rate of about 100 a year." Those were the same figures you used in February before the House Appropriations Committee. You no doubt chose the words "at the rate of" with precision, but you gave the impression last week that there would be at least 50 more SS-9s and 100 more SS-11s deployed by the Soviets this year. Yet your colleagues in the Government say, on the best satellite intelligence information available to them, that from November 1969 through June 1970 there were no additional SS-9s deployed and only a few SS-11s installed. Just three weeks ago new intelligence became available indicating that work had been resumed at three missile areas. Since it is Soviet practice to install six SS-9s at each area, it was believed that silos were being dug and sites prepared for 18 additional SS-9s. That is certainly something to worry about. But on the basis of this information, is it entirely accurate to say SS-9s are "going in at the rate of about 50 a year"? You undoubtedly did not mean to convey an impression that 50 more SS-9s would be deployed this year. Precision in language here, too, might help alleviate any credibility problem that the Pentagon may have.

Finally, in making a commendable case for a greater U.S. military research and development effort, you express the fear that the Soviet effort in this field could overtake the present U.S. lead by the mid-70s. You say we might find ourselves producing "inferior weapons" and "might not ever catch up." You might well have pointed out that in precisely this period the U.S. will be well along the way to completion of its Poseidon submarine program, involving missiles with independently targeted warheads for a total of at least 4,960 warheads. And by the mid-70s we will be well along the way toward completion of our 500-missile, 1,500-warhead Minuteman III program that I mentioned above.

That is the fruit of "old" research, you no doubt would reply. But shortly thereafter, two very promising "new" research weapons systems probably can be fielded. By 1978, for instance, it is anticipated that the first squadron of B-1s, an advanced intercontinental bomber, could be flown. At about the same time, we could have an entirely new submarine missile system, the ULMS (undersea long-range missile system), operating in millions of square miles of ocean area, vastly complicating an enemy's anti-submarine problem and able to reach the Soviet Union from such protected areas as, say, the Mississippi River. True, all this can happen only if Congress keeps providing the necessary funds. But here, too, balance would appear to contribute to continued credibility.

I am sure there is no disagreement concerning the dangers to both the Soviets and to ourselves in the continuing strategic arms race; nor is there disagreement about hopes for an enforceable SALT agreement to curb the race. Good arguments can be made for more funds without "scaring hell out of the customers." My point, Dr. Foster, is that credibility is increased and not decreased by presenting a symmetrical picture of the strengths and weaknesses of both sides. The Soviets are indeed eight feet tall. But so are we.

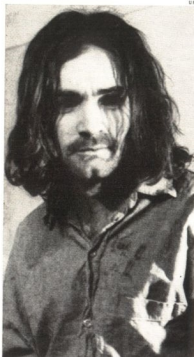
Respectfully yours,  
JOHN L. STEELE



DR. FOSTER & MISSILE MODELS

ALFRED EISENSTADT—LIFE

## The Other End of Society



CULT LEADER CHARLES MANSON  
"Your courtroom is man's game."

THE people of the State of California against . . . whom? Against what unknowable madness? The trial of Charles Manson and three of his tribe was under way, but the law seemed to lack the strictures to codify the case; there was a disquieting essential truth in the outcast's declaration that "I'm the other end of your society."

The people of the State of California must dispose, legally, of the murder of Actress Sharon Tate and six other people on two successive nights last August—murders in which the killers and the killed were unknown to each other. Last week Manson—pale but composed, in blue prison denim, his dark hair a flowing frame for his pinched face—walked into the Los Angeles courtroom where the concerns of the state must be met. On his forehead was his symbol of apertness: an X, in his own dried blood, cut there because "I have X-ed myself from your world." He went on, in a statement of indifference and martyrdom: "I stand with my X, with my love, with my God and by myself. My faith in me is stronger than all your armies, governments, gas chambers . . . I know what I have done and your courtroom is man's game. Love is my judge."

**Secret Smile.** It was only the beginning of otherworldliness. Before the day ended, Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi—Manson's opposite in a carefully tailored gray suit and vest, possessor of an enviable record of successful prosecutions—

had attributed to the vagueness of a Beatles' song part of Manson's motive in directing the murders. In an outline of his case, delivered to the jury of seven men and five women in an understated manner that belied its content, Bugliosi elaborated on the Beatles' theme.

There was Manson's passion for violent death, his anti-establishment hatred—and *Helter Skelter*, the Beatles' song whose lyrics appear to suggest sex, if anything, to the normal eye; *helter-skelter* is simply a British term for a carnival slide. A representative sample:

*When I get to the bottom I go back to the top of the slide.*

*Where I stop and I turn and I go for a ride.*

*Till I get to the bottom and I see you again.*

*Do you, don't you want me to love you.*

*You may be a lover but you ain't no dancer.*

*Helter skelter helter skelter  
Helter skelter.*

To Manson, Bugliosi said, the meaning of *helter-skelter* was clear: a violent black uprising against whites. Manson would escape it by leading his drugs-and-sex caravan of followers into the California desert, but first he would precipitate *helter-skelter* by making other whites think it had arrived. That is why the words were written in blood when Mr. and Mrs. Leno LaBianca, a middle-aged couple, were murdered in their home in the Los Feliz area the night after the Tate killings.

Manson, a model prisoner in his special-security jail cell, has been quiet in court. He sat listening carefully to the 40-minute outline of the prosecution's case, sometimes smiling his secret smile. Near him, chattering animatedly at times, were his co-defendants, three essentially ordinary-appearing young women accused of extraordinary personal violence: Susan Atkins, 22, and Patricia Krenwinkel, 22; and Leslie Van Houten, 20, who is on trial only for the LaBianca murders.

**Get a Knife.** This week Bugliosi plans to bring to the stand the only defector from Manson's apparently total control, Linda Kasabian, 21. Mrs. Kasabian is the mother of two; her second child was born recently while she was in jail. Like many of Manson's young women, she came from a broken home. When she left her second husband for the desert life, she took their child and a friend's \$5,000 with her. She was indicted along with the three other women but has been granted immunity in return for her testimony.\* According to

the prosecution, Mrs. Kasabian went along when Miss Tate and her house guests were murdered but took no part in the killings. Through her Bugliosi will lay before the jury the details of the bizarre and nightmarish crimes.

One of the strangest elements in the case is that no one places Manson at the Tate murder scene, but he is charged with being the moving force. Nothing has emerged to explain how Manson exerted his remote control at the time of the murders.

He is said to have had a hypnotic effect on his followers, but none have said they were in fact clinically hypnotized when the murders occurred. The Manson tribe used hallucinogenic drugs frequently, but there has been no claim so far that they were tripping the fatal night. Mrs. Kasabian will testify, Bugliosi said, that Manson instructed her to get a knife, a change of clothes and her driver's license and accompany the other defendants to the Tate home in Benedict Canyon. There, the prosecution charges, five people were murdered only because they were unlucky enough to be in a house that at one time had been lived in by a man who had slighted Manson.

The jury hearing the case is in itself a measure of its strangeness. The defense effort, dominated by Manson, precluded an attempt to get a favorable jury; Manson had decided that this was impossible, so less than one-fifth of the defense challenges were used. As a result, the jury includes both a former deputy sheriff and a private security guard, as well as a juror who admits he believes Manson is guilty. But the defense is expected to attack the credibility and competence of Mrs. Kasabian with evidence that—though Bugliosi described her as a relative neophyte in the Manson family—she had taken 300 LSD trips.



WITNESS LINDA KASABIAN  
The only runaway from the family.

\* Another defendant is Charles Watson, a member of Manson's family who is in a Texas jail fighting extradition; he will be tried separately.

## TEXAS

### Hero's Welcome

When Army Sergeant Esequiel Torres came home to Brownsville, Texas, a hero's welcome awaited him. Torres, 22, is accused by the Army of murdering not less than three persons at My Lai and hanging a fourth in a separate incident. But people in Brownsville are very patriotic. He wore the uniform, fought in Viet Nam, and that was enough to know. Many were ready to defend the sergeant and contribute to his defense fund.

One day after arriving in town with his wife and daughter, Torres and a friend drove to a local tavern called the Linger Longer Lounge. He did not linger too long, however, for after a few beers he got into an argument with the barmaid, Hortenzia Escobedo, over the charge for his drinks. When she asked him to leave, the sergeant allegedly went to his car, took a .30-cal. rifle from the trunk, and fired four shots into the ground before speeding away.

The police arrived at the Torres home a few minutes later, and the sergeant was charged with firing a weapon inside the city limits—a misdemeanor with a maximum penalty of \$100—and released under his own recognizance after pleading not guilty. Unchastened, Torres appeared at a civic celebration at the American Legion Hall the next day. Wearing a big smile and carrying his baby, he waded through a crowd of well-wishing American Legionnaires, then waited as his attorney, Charles Weltner, made a plea for contributions.

But as the story of Torres' arrest spread, a reaction set in. A "border buttermilk" celebration—tequila and crushed ice at a dollar a throw—scheduled for Tuesday evening on Torres' behalf was canceled. Brownsville was obviously embarrassed by the whole incident, and Torres' homecoming fetes raised only \$50.

"This whole business is so outrageous, it is beyond belief," said an angry Legionnaire. "That Torres boy seems to carry trouble with him wherever he goes." At this point, guilty or not, Torres would probably agree.

## OPINION

### The Disease of the Future

In the jet age of fast mass travel, the idea of culture shock is familiar enough. Visitors to strange lands often find themselves psychologically off balance when they encounter unfamiliar foods, languages and customs. In one extreme case, a girl Peace Corps volunteer arrived on an island in the Far East and within hours found herself unable to breathe, eat or drink; she was shipped right back home. Yet culture shock is mild by comparison with what Alvin Toffler, a scholar and former *FORTUNE* editor, identifies in a striking new book (Random House; \$8.95) as *Future*

*Shock*. The term, likely to become part of the American language, is defined by Toffler as "the dizzying disorientation brought on by the premature arrival of the future. It may well be the most important disease of tomorrow."

What brings on future shock, according to Toffler, is a rate of social change that has become so fast as to be impossible for most human beings to assimilate. "The malaise, mass neurosis, irrationality and free-floating violence already apparent in contemporary life are merely a foretaste of what may lie ahead unless we come to understand and treat this disease," Toffler argues. "Future shock arises from the superimposition of a new culture on an old one. It is culture shock in one's own society. But its impact is far worse. For most travelers have the comforting knowledge that the culture they left behind will be there to return to. The victim of future shock does not."

**Yeatsian Gloom.** Today, Toffler contends, we are all renters, all nomads. "We have not merely extended the scope and scale of change, we have radically altered its pace," he says. "We have in our time released a totally new social force—a stream of change so accelerated that it influences our sense of time, revolutionizes the tempo of daily life, and affects the very way we 'feel' the world around us."

What Toffler calls "a fire storm of change" leaves in its wake "all sorts of curious social flora—from psychedelic churches and 'free universities' to science cities in the Arctic and wife-swap clubs in California." With Yeatsian gloom, he adds: "It breeds odd personalities, too: children who at twelve are no longer childlike; adults who at 50 are children of twelve. There are anarchists who, beneath their dirty denim shirts, are outrageous conformists, and conformists who, beneath their button-down collars, are outrageous anarchists. There are married priests and atheist ministers and Jewish Zen Buddhists. We have pop . . . and op . . . and art ciné-é-que . . . There are Playboy Clubs and homosexual movie theaters . . . amphetamines and tranquilizers . . . anger, affluence and oblivion. Much oblivion."

**Ad-hocracies.** All this arises because men can no longer absorb all that is relentlessly new, and traditional institutions seem unable to encompass and interpret headlong technological change and its social consequences. Writes Toffler: "It is not simply that we do not know which goals to pursue. The trouble lies deeper. For accelerating change has made obsolete the methods by which we arrive at social goals. The technocrats do not yet understand this, and, reacting to the goals crisis in knee-jerk fashion, they reach for the tried and true methods of the past."

That, he argues, will no longer do. What is needed is a new kind of institution, formed for a specific purpose and enduring only so long as it is needed; punningly, Toffler calls this orga-

nization of the future "ad-hocracy." He envisions "social future assemblies" within nations, cities and even neighborhoods that would convene to establish an order of priorities for dealing with present and prospective social problems. These "town halls of the future" would constitute not only participatory but also "anticipatory democracy." Toffler's ad-hocracies would thus serve a twin purpose: they would permit men to anticipate change and therefore control it at least in part, and they

20TH CENTURY FOX



SCENE FROM FILM "2001"

Married priests and atheist ministers.

would restore to an ever more anonymous citizenry a sense of taking part in the shaping of the future. Change is not bad; it is necessary, but it must be used constructively rather than responded to only passively by a supine citizenry. Concludes Toffler: "We have taught ourselves to create and combine the most powerful of technologies. We have not taken pains to learn about their consequences. Today these consequences threaten to destroy us. We must learn, and learn fast."



## AMERICAN SCENE

### The Deep River Ancient Muster

*"The noise shook green apples off the trees, moved a frog onto the railroad track, jolted nails out of the shingles in the roofs, and the hens in the poultry yards along the route laid premature eggs in fright." With slight Yankee exaggeration, a newspaper in 1885 described the first field day of the Connecticut Drummers Association in Wallingford, Conn. The fife and drums echo anew each July along the Connecticut River, where sleepy New England villages like Chester, Deep River and Moodus quietly proclaim a heritage as old as the Republic itself. The occasion is the annual Deep River Ancient Muster, the gathering ground for fife-and-drum corps, which this year attracted over 10,000 spectators and musicians. TIME Correspondent Richard Ostling, who is the son of a drummer, attended the muster and sent back this report:*

YOU could easily hear the rumble of the drums at Deep River three miles up the river in Chester. The groups had come from all over: the Ancient Mariners from Guilford, Lancraft Fife and Drum from New Haven, the Chester and Moodus corps, the New York Regimentals, and the all-black Charles W. Dickerson Field Music from New Rochelle. Their dress was as colorful as their music was loud. Deep River's own corps led the parade, proudly arrayed in tricornered hats and scarlet colonial coats. The Ancient Mariners wore the motley collection of striped jerseys and white pants used by enlistees before the U.S. Navy settled on a common uniform. The silver cup awarded for the most authentic uniforms—the only contest at the muster—went to the variety of hand-sewn Confederate

uniforms worn by the 32nd Virginia Field Music, a group from Williamsburg.

Though its origin was British, "ancient" fife-and-drum music has been best preserved in America, and especially in Connecticut, where it is a folk tradition passed down from generation to generation. The earliest American corps on record was founded in Annapolis in 1717. During the Revolutionary War, General George Washington issued an order stating: "Hours are to be assigned for all the drums and fifes of each regiment, and they are to attend them and practice; nothing is more agreeable, and ornamental, than good music." Because soldiers might have confused rehearsals with actual calls to arms, the Continental Army set practice hours of 5 to 6 a.m. and 4 to 5 p.m. The participants at Deep River observed no such regimen.

The festivities began a day ahead of time as early arrivals gathered in the Deep River Inn, a bar on Main Street, to shout greetings, swap tales and compare instruments above the din of indoor fife. Drummers, however, are usually kind enough not to play their instruments indoors; instead they rattle their sticks on the Formica tabletops. Unlike contemporary bands, fifers and drummers shun all modern innovations. Calfskin heads are used on drums instead of plastic ones, and a system of rope and leather ears is utilized to keep the heads taut, rather than metal rods. The fife must be the genuine article: a primitive piccolo consisting simply of a tube (usually wooden) with six finger holes plus a hole to blow across.

By mid-evening the inn was jammed. Outside in the parking lot, the overflow

of fifers and drummers set up their own jam sessions. One of those basking in the deafening music was Raymond Hill, fire chief of the City of Los Angeles. In Washington for a firemen's seminar, he had come to Deep River to attend his fifth muster. "Anybody who can hear an ancient corps and not have the hair raise on the back of his neck, why something's wrong with him," he said.

Muster Day was a montage of sound and color as the 63 participating corps, resplendent in their scarlets, blues, grays and whites, drummed and fided their way through the streets of Deep River to a ball field on the outskirts of town. There, each group performed a medley of its favorite tunes in a five-hour fife-and-drum fest that left many of the uninitiated numb. The tunes ranged from *Yankee Doodle* and other Revolutionary War melodies like *Road to Boston* and *The World Turned Upside Down*, to such Civil War favorites as *Marching Through Georgia* and *The Battle Cry of Freedom* (Rally Round the Flag).

After the last performance, a jam session was decreed and there ensued a gigantic version of Friday night's scene at the inn parking lot. Hundreds of fifers and drummers, now in such states of unattire as T-shirts atop colonial knee breeches, gathered in informal groups to pump out their traditional favorites. Despite the mixing of corps personnel, the precision achieved was impressive. But from across the field, the combined effect was a cacophony of sounds, a good-humored musical nightmare that for some lasted late into Saturday night, evoking all the ghosts of '76.



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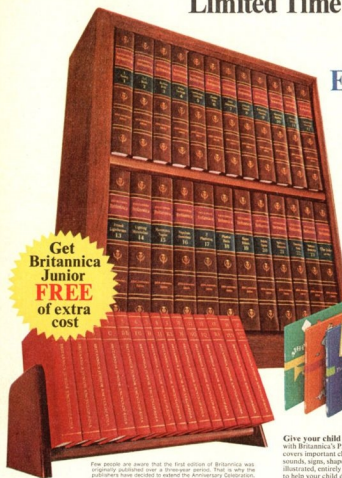
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## THE WORLD

# Yes from Nasser, Dilemma for Israel

THE Middle East war is older than many of the soldiers who fight it; yet in the 22 years since the fighting began over the creation of Israel, neither Israelis, Arabs nor well-meaning outsiders have been able to work out a lasting settlement. Against this discouraging background of aborted peace plans, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers was given little chance six weeks ago when he proposed still another attempt at negotiations. The new effort was launched as Washington prepared to act on an Israeli request for more jets—a move that threatened to deepen the Middle East's protracted crisis.

Last week Rogers' gamble returned

the State Department. Rogers persuaded President Nixon that "a major political initiative" ought to be made to get the antagonists "to stop shooting and start talking."

One factor that encouraged Rogers, paradoxically, was the increased Soviet involvement in Egypt. Russia's growing military presence since last March was a source of U.S. anxiety, to be sure, but the Secretary reasoned that it enhanced Nasser's self-confidence. As Rogers put it: "In all my experience as a lawyer, I have never found anyone who likes to bargain from weakness." Conversely, he figured, the Soviet involvement might force the Israelis to realize

Day War, Resolution No. 242, as the diplomats refer to it, called on the Israelis to withdraw from occupied territories, in exchange for acceptance by the Arab states of Israel's sovereignty within secure and recognized borders. It also called for a "just settlement of the refugee problem."

**Prickly Issues.** The Rogers plan urges both sides to agree to a cease-fire of at least 90 days. Once the guns are stilled, Swedish diplomat Gunnar V. Jarring will act as an intermediary and seek agreement on such prickly issues as the Israeli-occupied territories and the Arab refugees (see box page 18). In the letters Rogers wrote setting forth his pro-



NASSER AT CAIRO UNIVERSITY



ROGERS & DOBRYNIN IN WASHINGTON

*An attempt to stop the shooting and start the talking.*

at least a preliminary payoff. In a Cairo speech and in a private note to Washington, Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser responded to the U.S. proposals. Washington had deliberately urged the Israelis to withhold their reply in order to give Nasser, fresh from 19 days of talks with his Soviet patrons in Moscow, time to react to Rogers' offer. To the delight of U.S. officials, Nasser's speech was relatively devoid of anti-American polemics and cautiously favorable. His note was even more accommodating, so much so that it placed the U.S. and Israel under tremendous pressure to reply in kind.

**Major Initiative.** Nasser himself had supplied some of the impetus for the latest try at peacemaking. Last May Day, in a long speech on Arab struggle against Israel, Egypt's President inserted a warning that the opportunity for a U.S. rapprochement with Arab nations was rapidly fading. The warning worked on

that they might not be dealing from a position of strength forever.

On June 19, Rogers' letters went out to Foreign Ministers of Israel, Egypt, Jordan and other interested parties. Within ten days, improved Soviet SA-2 missiles were moved closer to the Suez Canal and began knocking Israeli jets out of the sky. Had the U.S. initiative, the White House wondered, been interpreted as a sign of weakness? President Nixon issued a strong warning about the danger of a potential U.S.-Soviet collision, and pointedly contrasted the aggressive Arabs with the peace-loving Israelis. Rogers cringed at the harsh rhetoric and so, obviously, did the Egyptians. In his speech last week, Nasser specifically protested the Nixon charge and offered to negotiate as proof of his peaceable intentions.

Rogers' proposals grow out of a United Nations Security Council resolution passed five months after the 1967 Six-

posals, he urged the parties involved "to move with us to seize this opportunity. If it is lost, we shall all suffer the consequences."

In Moscow, Soviet leaders apparently persuaded Nasser to take Rogers up on his proposals. Between visits to a health spa to treat a circulatory ailment, Nasser spent a good deal of his time conferring with the Russians on his response. Back in Cairo, he chose to reply on the 18th anniversary of the coup that deposed dissolute King Farouk. Sitting down to spare his legs, Nasser was unusually restrained in an address to 1,200 followers packed into a Cairo University hall. In large measure, his object was to prepare his 33.5 million people for a possible shift in policy. The bulk of the speech, salted with salutes to Russia for its aid and to other Arab countries, was greeted with steady applause. Toward the close of his 2-hr. 10-min. address, Nasser finally brought

up Rogers' proposals. "In all honesty," he said, "we found nothing new in this." But, he added, "it is an opportunity." The audience, surrounded by signs proclaiming "The struggle will continue whatever the sacrifices" and "Israel must be defeated in the field of psychological warfare," did not applaud.

**Cease-Fire.** The day before Nasser spoke, Egypt's Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Riad, handed a note to U.S. Diplomat Donald C. Bergus, who heads the "U.S. interests section" of the Spanish embassy in Cairo—an arrangement that allows Washington to maintain diplomats in the Egyptian capital even though Cairo severed relations with the U.S. at the time of the 1967 war. Not only did the Egyptians agree to a limited cease-fire, but they also anticipated to Bergus that it would have to be ac-

whisked past newsmen into Rogers' office. During his 20-minute visit, Dobrynin emphasized that Nasser's reply plainly demonstrated Egypt's sincerity.

Another Rogers caller was Israeli Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin, who was particularly worried that a limited cease-fire might give Egypt an opportunity to move Russian missiles up to the Suez Canal. In Tel Aviv, Foreign Minister Abba Eban expressed similar concern, arguing that a temporary cease-fire "would be a certificate for the resumption of hostilities on a fixed date. It would be only a phase of war, whereas a permanent cease-fire would be a transition for peace."

**Diplomatic Defensive.** Such objections indicate the extent to which Nasser's action has put Israel—and the U.S.—on the diplomatic defensive. The U.S. is in something of a fix because it must now coax Israel to the peace table or be branded hypocritical for suggesting negotiations and then failing to deliver its client.

Washington hopes to rely on persuasion, but if that fails, the U.S. might theoretically resort to pressure. One means would be to threaten a cutback in military aid, including replacements for lost Israeli Phantom jets. Another would be to hold down on economic aid, though it is now running at only \$55 million a year. A third, highly risky in a U.S. election year, would be a threat to tax the heavy contributions sent to Israel by the U.S. Jewish community (1969 estimate: \$250 million). Such moves would drive a wedge between Israel and the U.S., its firmest ally. In fact, some observers speculate that just such a development is the real objective of the Soviet-Egyptian decision to support the Rogers plan.

The Soviets and their Arab allies are not without problems, of course. While Nasser does not have to deliver the Palestinian Arabs to the peace table, he does have to keep their reaction in mind. And the Palestinians, particularly the guerrilla groups, are already on record as opposing any peace settlement short of dismantling Israel.

**Tanks in Tripoli.** Diplomats view last week's developments as merely the first halting steps on a long, rock-strewn road. The Soviet Union lost no time in confirming that opinion by launching a new military-assistance program in Libya, Nasser's next-door neighbor. Intelligence sources reported last week that Russian freighters have recently docked at Tripoli to unload Soviet tanks and armored cars that have been sold to Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's army. The Soviets tried to make light of the move. "If you are going to 'expel' us from Egypt, we must go elsewhere," grinned a Russian diplomat in Washington, referring to a remark by Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger that Kissinger himself has since termed unfortunate. But the news from Libya did little to reassure the U.S. that Moscow really has peace on its mind in the Middle East.

## The Points at

**S**HOULD Israel and the Arab states agree to stop shooting and start talking, the mechanism that will get the negotiations under way will be a letter—already drawn up—from Swedish Mediator Gunnar V. Jarring to United Nations Secretary General U Thant. In the letter Jarring will report that the parties involved are ready to designate representatives "to discussions to be held under my auspices." The purpose of the discussions, the Jarring communiqué will state, will be "to reach agreement on the establishment of a just and lasting peace between the U.A.R., Jordan and Israel, based on 1) mutual acknowledgment of sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence, and 2) Israeli withdrawal from territories occupied in the 1967 conflict."

Despite its seeming simplicity, the Jarring letter introduces some complex, intractable issues. Among them:

**CONDUCT OF THE TALKS.** Israel has always maintained that the two sides must eventually meet face to face. The Arabs prefer to negotiate indirectly, perhaps as they did after the 1948 war, when U.N. Mediator Ralph Bunche moved between delegations on the island of Rhodes. Rogers' letter to the Arabs accepted their point of view, but noted that "we believe the parties will find it necessary to meet together at some point."

**PEACE TREATY.** Israel wants a contractual arrangement that would bind the sides firmly. The Arabs are not anxious to be signatories to a formal peace treaty.

**RECOGNITION.** In spite of having celebrated its 22nd birthday, Israel has never been formally recognized as a state by the Arabs. A peace treaty, in addition to establishing just and secure borders, would finally afford acknowledgment of this right to exist, Nasser last week indicated possible agreement.

**REFUGEES.** U.N. Resolution 242, the starting point for the talks, says with deliberate imprecision that there must be a "just settlement of the refugee problem."

At issue is the future of the Palestinian Arabs, many of whom fled from Israel in 1948 or 1967; their numbers have grown from 1,000,000 to 2,500,000. The Arabs maintain that Israel must absorb those who choose to return and pay compensation to those who do not. Israel maintains that 1) the Arabs no longer own the land they held before 1948 and therefore cannot claim it, 2) the return of so many refugees would alter the character of the country, and 3) there is no precedent since World War I for refugees to be repatriated.

One alternative, suggested by many Israelis, and even the Soviets, would be to create a Palestinian state on the West Bank of the Jordan. Another, put forward by Arabs, is to change the very basis of Israel from a Jewish homeland to a secular, multinational state.



companied by an arms freeze along the canal and a pledge that neither side would use the time to improve its military position. Nasser's note contained a standard Arab demand that Israel return all occupied territories and solve the Arab refugee problem. Missing, however, was the customary insistence on Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories as a precondition for negotiations—something the Israelis have repeatedly said they would reject. Scanning Riad's message in Washington, Rogers noted with diplomatic understatement that he was "greatly encouraged."

Not long afterward, Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoly Dobrynin was

## Issue in the Hostile Middle East

**TERRITORIES.** The Israelis insist that security, not territory, is the real issue. The Arabs insist on Israeli withdrawal from all the land occupied during the Six-Day War. Israel is willing to return less strategic territories like the West Bank and Western Sinai, but in any case wants to negotiate entirely new borders, with a guarantee of their legitimacy and security, to replace unofficial ones that have existed since 1949. Some territorial solutions, apart from converting the Jordan's West Bank into a state: ▶ **Sinai**—The Sinai Peninsula represents an important buffer zone. An alternative to returning Sinai to Egypt would be to demilitarize it and station an in-

rael in 1967 at a cost of 115 killed. The victory finally silenced the Syrian guns that had rained down death on Israeli kibbutzim on and off for two decades. Syria wants the Heights back, but Israel is unlikely to relinquish the territory without the firmest assurances that it has been demilitarized.

▶ **Sharm el Sheikh**—Strategically set at the point in Sinai where the Gulf of Aqaba meets the Red Sea, Sharm el Sheikh's guns command the narrow Strait of Tiran. In 1967, Nasser used them to bar passage to Eilat, Israel's only outlet to the Indian Ocean. Israel now controls the vantage point, and so far insists on keeping it. The Israelis

TERENCE SPENCER—LIFE



JERUSALEM'S WAILING WALL & MOSQUE OF OMAR

ternational peace-keeping force there. The Israelis, remembering that U Thant's removal of U.N. forces from Sinai in the face of pressure from Egypt in 1967 led to war, want some other international force this time.

▶ **Gaza Strip**—Formerly held by Egypt, Gaza is packed with 358,000 Arabs whom the Israelis have had a difficult time policing. Still, Israel wants the territory to straighten out a nagging border. An alternative is international control, or to link Gaza to a Palestine state.

▶ **Golan Heights**—The Syrian-Israeli border mountains were captured by Is-

rael in 1967 at a cost of 115 killed. The victory finally silenced the Syrian guns that had rained down death on Israeli kibbutzim on and off for two decades. Syria wants the Heights back, but Israel is unlikely to relinquish the territory without the firmest assurances that it has been demilitarized.

▶ **Jerusalem**—No Israeli victory in 1967 was celebrated more joyously than the capture of East Jerusalem. For the first time in nearly 2,000 years the Wailing Wall, the remains of Solomon's temple compound, was in Jewish hands. Israel has vowed never to give back the Wall. But East Jerusalem is also sacred to Moslems and Christians. International control, with Israel perhaps handling municipal administration, could be a workable resolution.

## An Act of "Patriotism"

At Beirut's busy international airport, security measures include dogs trained to sniff hashish and electronic devices designed to detect metallic objects. One morning last week the electronic eyes were not working as well as the canine noses, and six young Arab passengers, all students at American University of Beirut, sauntered on to Olympic Airways' Athens-bound Flight 255 totting five pistols, two hand grenades and a sub-machine gun.

An hour aloft, as the passengers were finishing breakfast, Abed Said Malhas and his pretty companion Siham Saadi sprang from their first class seats and forced a stewardess at pistol point toward the cockpit. In the tourist cabin, the other four terrorists whipped out guns and told the passengers: "This is a hijack. We have a plan. We will land in Athens. If our conditions are met, no one will be hurt." The hijackers' conditions: the immediate release of seven Arab terrorists currently in Greek prisons, or the plane would be blown up.

**Falling Stock.** Greek Deputy Premier and Interior Minister Stylianos Pattakos sped to the airport along with the Lebanese ambassador to Greece. Hurrying to the control tower, Pattakos established radio contact with the plane, which had landed and taxied to an open space 250 yds. away. The hijackers threatened to shoot anyone who approached.

At first Pattakos refused to negotiate with what he called "air pirates—black-mailers who, under the pretext of patriotism, violate international law." For nearly eight hours Arab ambassadors, Red Cross officials and even Aristotle Onassis, owner of Olympic Airways, argued and pleaded with the adamant hijackers. At one point Onassis offered himself as hostage instead of the 47 terrified passengers, but the air pirates spurned his offer. "They said I was only one while the passengers were many," he said later. "It seems my stock is falling." Arab ambassadors who were summoned to the airport urged the hijackers to release the passengers, but to no avail. As temperatures rose in the broiling midday sun, tension mounted in the sweltering plane. The hijackers, at first confident and polite, became edgy and fingered their weapons menacingly. "The girl was doing things like getting water for passengers," recalled one man who was aboard the plane. "But as time passed the hijackers' mood changed and they got angry. We were told to keep quiet and stay in our seats with the safety belts fastened."

Finally Pattakos was forced to yield, and promised to release the seven terrorists to the Red Cross within one month. The hijackers' guarantee was a note from Onassis, who walked out to the Boeing 727 once the agreement had been reached. As he recounted it: "I said, 'Personally, I give you my assurances.' Then I gave them a signed



note. I talked while a guy held a tommy gun pointed at me."

The seven who are to be released: two Palestinians serving sentences for machine-gunning an El Al airliner in Athens in 1968, killing an Israeli passenger; two Jordanian fedayeen who went on trial in Athens last week for the premeditated murder of a two-year-old Greek child during a grenade attack on the El Al booking office last November; and three Lebanese sentenced for attempting to hijack a TWA jet last December. During part of the negotiations last week, Christos Nastos, father of the murdered Greek child, roamed through the airport shouting "My son's murderers must not go free!"

But they will. The exhausted passengers were allowed to disembark, the plane was refueled and took off with six of the Greek crew and a Red Cross



CHRISTOS NASTOS  
"They must not go free!"

official as hostages. The hijackers were so anxious to leave Athens that the plane took off with passengers' luggage still aboard. In Cairo, the hijackers were welcomed as "patriots" by a special representative of President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Later the same night the plane and its crew returned to Athens.

**Not Criminals.** Credit for the exploit was claimed by Bahjat Abu Gharbiyah, leader of the Amman-based Popular Struggle Front, one of the smallest of the many fedayeen groups. The action, he said, was aimed at compelling the Greek government to treat Palestinians who attack Israeli airliners "as revolutionaries, not common criminals." Whatever they are called, the "patriots" have attacked eleven Israeli, Swiss, Greek, Austrian and American planes in the last two years. Their toll: 51 civilians of many nationalities dead and 16 injured.

## BRITAIN

### A Surfeit of Setbacks

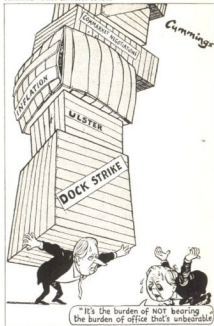
When Britain's Parliament adjourned for its summer recess at the end of last week, nobody would have been surprised to see its Conservative members run—not walk—to the exits. Prime Minister Edward Heath's fifth week in office had been marked by one bad break after another: a continuing dock strike, an untimely death in the Prime Minister's official family, a Commonwealth-wide uproar over the proposed sale of arms to South Africa, and the most serious act of violence in the hallowed House of Commons since Prime Minister Spencer Perceval was shot to death in a lobby there in 1812. On top of all that, complaints were beginning to be voiced that Heath's deliberate, coolly cautious style could merely be a mask for inaction.

Heath's supporters argued that in many respects the new Prime Minister was doing rather well. Northern Ireland was quieter, and last week the Ulster government banned all processions for six months, reducing the likelihood of renewed rioting. Maintaining his reputation as a superb administrator and delegator of authority, Heath cut his predecessor's swollen ministerial list, reducing the Cabinet from 21 to 18 and top non-Cabinet posts from 78 to 66. He also ordered a searching systems analysis of Whitehall's decision-making machinery, using top management experts recruited from private business. With care, he began charting measures to deal with "stagflation," the combination of stagnation and inflation inherited from Harold Wilson's Labor government. Then troubles came quickly.

**THE STRIKE:** After the failure of last-minute negotiations two weeks ago, 47,000 longshoremen walked off the job, tying up 40 ports. The dockers were demanding an 80% increase in their base wage from \$24.60 to \$48 a week, plus work rules that would vastly complicate the long overdue modernization of Britain's vital ports. Employers pointed out that dockers had been taking home an average of \$86 for five ten-hour days and that overtime and fringes were so tied to the base pay that labor's demands, if met, would increase most British shipping costs by some 50%.

Longshoremen in Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, meanwhile, refused to handle Britain-bound cargo, and other dockers seemed likely to follow their example. In Northern Ireland, dockers attacked fishermen who had been running supplies of Irish bacon and eggs into Britain, dumping the goods into harbors and scattering them on beaches. As supplies of bananas, oranges, grapes and vegetables dwindled all over the United Kingdom, prices rose; some meat cost as much as a shilling (12¢) a pound more. Dutch and Belgian truck farmers and shippers complained of losing millions of dollars. The government could, of course, use troops to move goods, and

CUMMINGS—DAILY EXPRESS, LONDON



preliminary legal moves were made in this direction. But such an action would surely test the patience and patriotism of other workers, and Britons remembered uneasily the 1926 General Strike.

**THE DEATH:** Heath was relying heavily on Iain Macleod, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to draft the blueprint for a new Tory economic structure, to overhaul the tax system and to restore incentives so as to "release the energies of the people." But last week Macleod died suddenly at 56 of a heart attack following an appendectomy from which he had seemed to be recuperating nicely.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



IAIN MACLEOD  
All but irreplaceable.



ly. Macleod and Heath were charter members of the "One Nation" Group formed by liberal Tories in 1950. Borrowing Disraeli's philosophy as well as his phraseology, they sought to destroy the image of the Conservatives as a party of businessmen and bluebloods. Macleod became a close friend and political ally of Heath, and more recently, his next-door neighbor at No. 11 Downing Street, the official residence of the Treasury chief.

Banker, barrister, bridge expert, editor and writer, Macleod had an immense breadth of experience. In previous Tory governments he had served as Minister of Health and of Labor, and, as Colonial Secretary in the early 1960s, had helped one African colony after another to independence. Macleod was too radical to suit the crustier members of his party and was bypassed as Tory leader in 1963, yet he was all but irreplaceable. To succeed him, Heath appointed Anthony Barber, 50, Chairman of the Tory Party since 1967 and current top British negotiator with the Common Market.

**THE ARMS UPROAR:** The Tories' third misfortune was more of their own making. It involved the delicate balance of Commonwealth relations. Sensitive to the feelings of non-white Commonwealth members, and acknowledging resolutions of the United Nations against *apartheid*, Harold Wilson banned the sale of British arms to South Africa in 1964. The Tories indicated that, if elected, they might agree to resume arms sales for "external defense," as provided for by the Simonstown Agreement of 1955. Under that pact, Britain had sold some \$50 million worth of warships in return for naval base facilities on South Africa's strategic coast.

The Tories maintained that if Britain wanted to retain its South African naval facilities as a counterweight to the growing Soviet presence in the Indian Ocean, a resumption of arms sales was necessary. But the government failed to present its case convincingly to the Commonwealth, and a storm boiled up. Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda and Zambia lodged strong protests, and Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere threatened to withdraw from the Commonwealth. By the time the issue came before the House, it was clear that the government had been blown off course. The opposition so rattled Sir Alec Douglas-Home that the Foreign Secretary twice called Harold Wilson "the Prime Minister." Voting on a Labor motion opposing the deal, Heath's government survived its first serious parliamentary test, 313 to 281.

**THE BOMBS:** To top off a bad week, a young man later identified as a construction worker from Northern Ireland stood up in the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons, shouted something about Belfast, where British troops have used tear gas to quell rioting Catholics and Protestants, and hurled two canisters onto the floor. The bombs rolled and bounced around, spewing dense

clouds of tear gas and setting off two small fires. Members and visitors dashed retching from the floor, strewn papers right and left. Afterward, nobody seemed able to agree on just what the man had said. Some witnesses thought they heard him cry: "Belfast: see how you like it!" Another said it was: "How do you like that, you bastards? Now you know what it's like in Belfast." And an American visitor, who had been sitting next to the terrorist in the gallery, heard: "You can have a taste of it! This is what it was like in Belfast."

In any case, no one was seriously injured, and an hour and a half later, M.P.s were back on their benches. Before long they resumed discussion, appropriately, on a point of order concerning the swearing-in of the House's youngest member, Firebrand Bernadette Devlin, 23, now serving a six-month jail sentence in Armagh, Northern Ireland, for rioting and inciting to riot during last summer's disturbances in Ulster. *Hansard*, the official parliamentary record, took note of the bombing with a single word: "Interruption."

UPI



RUSSIA'S AN-22  
Like tourists, always taking pictures.

## SOVIET UNION The Mystery of 09303

The huge, 14-wheel AN-22, the Soviet Union's equivalent of the C-5A, lifted off smoothly from Iceland's Keflavik airfield. Minutes later a sister ship followed, bearing the same blue and white colors. The two giant Soviet aircraft, heavily laden, were on the second leg of an 8,000-mile journey from northern Russia to deliver relief supplies to earthquake-stricken Peru.

When the second plane put down at its next refueling stop in Halifax, N.S., its crew immediately wondered why the first had not yet arrived. So did U.S. Air Force radarmen, who had been monitoring the course of both flights. The answer, apparently, was that No. 09303—one of 20 such operational planes in the Soviet fleet—had crashed into the North Atlantic off the southeastern tip of Greenland.

Precisely what happened to the AN-22, which carried about 25 crewmen and passengers, may never be known.

U.S. rescue craft took the lead in searching the icy waters near the plane's last recorded radio signal. They located a life raft and some debris but later concluded that neither came from the missing plane. The Soviets, obviously distressed at the loss of an expensive piece of strategic equipment, rushed eight Tu-95 reconnaissance bombers into the area to join the search. The AN-22, which made its debut in experimental form in 1965, was developed to haul heavy equipment to frontier areas. Until the U.S. C-5A was introduced in 1968, it held the world record for lifting off air cargo (221,443 lbs.).

**Whirring Cameras.** The plane was ideally suited to Moscow's catch-up relief effort in Peru, where more than 50,000 people perished and 800,000 were left homeless by June's earthquake. The Soviets did not send their first big supply shipments until nearly four weeks after the disaster struck. By that time the massive U.S. effort, which began almost immediately, was doing much to mend U.S.-Peruvian relations, and the Russians were anxious to keep the Ameri-

cans from getting too much credit. Soviet aid began arriving in force aboard AN-22s and smaller AN-12s. The aid included a field hospital complete with doctors, nurses, cooks, bakers and drivers, two eleven-ton helicopters, 100 prefabricated houses, food, clothing and medicine.

The unaccustomed air runs to South America have presented the Russians with a rare opportunity. Observers at Keflavik noted that Soviet pilots, while approaching the jointly operated U.S.-Danish airfield, regularly made an unnecessarily wide circle, taking care to keep their wings level and the plane steady. The observers suspected that the Soviets were carefully photographing the field—one that Russian planes almost never visit—and their suspicions were confirmed when they saw men in the tail camera ports of some planes. It may be assumed that the cameramen also keep busy when Moscow's mercy fleet circles Halifax and Bogotá, Colombia, two other refueling stops along the way.

## Germany: The Rocky Road to Recognition

**D**URING his first nine months in office, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt has been preoccupied with the elaborate orchestration of *Ostpolitik*, his policy of improving Bonn's relations with the Communist regimes to the east. Lately, the tempo has increased. Last week West German diplomats were in Warsaw for the fifth round of talks about Bonn's recognition of the Oder-Neisse Line as Poland's western border. This week Foreign Minister Walter Scheel is due in Moscow to continue—and possibly conclude—negotiations with the Soviet Union over a mutual renunciation-of-force agreement. Paris, London and Washington have all supported Bonn's initiatives—notwithstanding South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond's charge last week that Brandt was moving toward a "one-sided surrender" to the Russians. In short, Brandt's progress has been sufficiently brisk to raise conjecture about *Ostpolitik*'s logical finale: What would happen if Brandt should grant full recognition to Walter Ulbricht's East German regime?

A year or so ago, that possibility was almost unthinkable. Now it is widely assumed that Brandt will seek to extend some form of recognition to East Germany, probably in 18

F. DEKRENT—MET PAARD



"ALÈZ HOPI"

to 36 months. The timing is of the utmost importance. It might be a mistake for Brandt to yield to East German demands for recognition without first exacting concessions for better relations between the two Germanys. Ulbricht wants above all to legitimize his regime; once West Germany recognizes him, most Third World countries as well as Sweden, Norway, Denmark and, farther down the road, the U.S., might follow suit. This is what Ulbricht wants, and once he gets it, he might veto increased contacts with West Germany unless they have been guaranteed. Even more important, over-hasty recognition would jeopardize the security and economic health of West Berlin, which Ulbricht insists is an independent political entity on East German soil, with no right to any formal ties with West Germany.

Sudden recognition would deal East Germany a severe economic blow, though Ulbricht appears willing to pay the price. Refusing to admit that the East Berlin regime was a separate country, Bonn insisted that the 1957 Treaty of Rome contain a provision giving East Germany a special status that, in effect, made it the seventh member of the Common Market. Thus Ulbricht's regime reaps substantial duty-free benefits. But if Bonn recognizes East Germany as a separate entity, those benefits, which saved East Germany an estimated \$137 million in tariffs last year, would likely stop.

As a first step toward recognition, Brandt has suggested that

East and West Germany apply for separate United Nations membership (neither is now a member). After that, he hopes to delay further action, at least for a while, by taking refuge in a West German legal technicality which holds that there is a level of relations called *Staatsrechtliche Anerkennung* (state recognition), stopping just short of diplomatic recognition. Though he has already conceded that East Germany exists as a separate state, Brandt wants to avoid the final stage of recognition until East Germany has agreed to what he calls "human, practical improvements" in relations.

The anticipated improvements are modest, for Brandt does not expect the Wall to come tumbling down. He does expect, however, an increase in the number of telephone lines between the 17 million people of East Germany and the 60 million of West Germany; there are now only 74 lines to accommodate them, and none at all between West and East Berlin. He also wants an easing of East German entry restrictions for West German visitors. Most of all, Brandt hopes to pressure East Germany's rulers into ordering their border guards to stop shooting at virtually anything that moves along the "death strips" dividing the two Germanys.

Before any of this can happen, Brandt figures he must conclude nonaggression agreements with the Soviet Union and Poland and settle outstanding problems with Czechoslovakia. At the same time, at the old Allied headquarters in West Berlin, Britain, France and the U.S. are trying to win Soviet backing for a new agreement that would clearly establish West Berlin's right to economic ties with West Germany and guarantee land, water and air access to the isolated city of 2,141,400. Once West Berlin's present status is reaffirmed, Brandt will feel free to grant recognition to East Germany without fear of delivering the city to Ulbricht.

Will the Communists go along with Brandt's grand design? At the moment, the outlook is hopeful. To just about everyone's surprise, Ulbricht has backed down from his old insistence on immediate, unconditional recognition and accepted Brandt's argument that some limited contacts should be made first. Two weeks ago, Ulbricht's Foreign Minister, Otto Winzer, suggested that if Bonn and Moscow reached a renunciation-of-force agreement, even one that sidestepped East-West German recognition, then talks between the two Germanys "would stand a better chance of success."

At the moment, Brandt's most severe problems appear to be at home. Though the number of West Germans who still hope for—or even want—reunification has dwindled steadily in recent years, they still have considerable influence. The Christian Democrats have traditionally insisted that recognition of the East is tantamount to betrayal of the goal of reunification. Last week they refused to send an observer with Scheel's 25-man Moscow delegation. Their opposition is based on political as well as ideological reasons; they hope to use the issue to wreck Brandt's fragile coalition. Their strategy was aided last month by the publication in Hamburg's *Bild-Zeitung* of excerpts from what was alleged to be a secret draft version of the renunciation-of-force treaty between Bonn and Moscow. The notes were apparently slipped to the sex-and-scandal paper by somebody who wanted to make public the extent of the concessions Brandt is prepared to make to the East.

Right now Brandt might have serious trouble commanding a simple majority in the Bundestag on the recognition issue. His coalition partners, the Free Democrats, whose 30 seats give him only a narrow twelve-seat majority in the 496-seat lower house, might split on the question. Thus, before Brandt can carry out the aims of his *Ostpolitik*, he might feel compelled to hold new national elections in West Germany. If the voters continue to give him the overwhelming support indicated by recent opinion polls—as high as 75% in favor of his handling of the chancellorship—Brandt will then have the mandate that his bold plans demand.

## CAMBODIA

### The Discreet U.S. Presence

As the first test of the Nixon Doctrine, Cambodia's struggle for survival is showing mixed results. The doctrine calls on Asian nations to help themselves—and one another—in stemming aggression. Yet Cambodia's neighbors, with the exception of South Viet Nam, have so far failed to offer a convincing riposte to a Communist challenge that has been intensifying since Prince Norodom Sihanouk was ousted more than four months ago. Their reluctance was all too clear last week, when Sihanouk's successor, Premier Lon Nol, paid his first visit to Bangkok as Cambodian head of state. After months of pleading for immediate help from a government that is even more anti-Communist than his own, the best that he could get was a vague promise from Thai Premier Thanom Kittikachorn that some 3,000 Thai troops would be going to Cambodia "around the end of August."

The other side of the Nixon Doctrine, which offers U.S. assistance to Asian nations in the form of supplies rather than troops, has proved a greater success. That ubiquitous talisman of an American presence, the C-ration kit, is readily available at any cigarette stand in midtown Phnom-Penh. At Pochentong Airport, five or six planes land each day carrying up to five tons of American matériel. Still the U.S. pres-

ence in Cambodia is, for the most part, limited and discreet. "We don't need another client state," says one U.S. diplomat in Phnom-Penh. "Whether we can pull this effort off, of course, remains to be seen. But we are light-years away from where we began in Viet Nam."

**Combat Help.** U.S. support has come chiefly in the form of an \$8,900,000 military-aid program. More than half has been spent on ammunition and rifles for Cambodia's ill-equipped army, which at one point was posting guard teams to stand duty without weapons. U.S. funds have also been used to equip six battalions of Khmer Krom mercenaries (ethnic Cambodians from Viet Nam), provide much-needed radio communications, buy 40 military trucks and trailers, and send about 10,000 Cambodian troops to Thailand and South Viet Nam for military training. Says Jonathan (Fred) Ladd, 49, a former Green Beret colonel who was called out of retirement to oversee arms aid: "It's a very modest program, primarily for maintaining a defensive capability."

One element of the program not mentioned in Ladd's inventory is U.S. combat assistance from the air. American pilots have been observed flying spotter planes over Communist positions and directing Cambodian artillery fire by radio. Plane crews that want to fire at enemy targets themselves must radio their home bases in South Viet Nam or Thailand for permission; it is regularly given. The pilots are not anxious to talk about their role. Recently a reporter visiting a group of Cambodian officers at their headquarters overheard an American pilot's radio transmissions and asked to talk to the man. "Tell him I'm here on military business," snapped the pilot. "And that I'm unarmed. And what the hell is he doing down there?" With that, the conversation ended.

**Credit Rating.** On his desk, Ladd has a direct telephone line to a Cambodian army liaison. Though he maintains that the Cambodians' plans are "surprisingly sophisticated," he admits that "if I think their priorities are dumb, I tell them." He is awaiting delivery of a helicopter that will enable aid officials to observe the Cambodian army in action, and the military attachés at the embassy have just acquired a C-47 for a similar purpose.

The U.S. role in Cambodia is expected to increase in several other ways. Though Congress has not yet appropriated any aid funds for Cambodia in the fiscal year that began July 1, program officials are assuming that "we have a credit rating with Congress" and hope to bring in some \$30 million worth of military supplies during the next six months. Last week Charles Mann, head of the economic-aid program in Laos, arrived in Phnom-Penh to begin studies that will lead to a renewed economic mission in Cambodia. Already the staff attached to the U.S. mission has grown from 11 to more

LE NINH



NEW U.S. EMBASSY BUILDING IN PHNOM-PENH

"We don't need another client state."

than 50. Later this month, the U.S. will officially raise its diplomatic status in Phnom-Penh from mission to embassy level. At that time, the embassy will move from its present cramped quarters, which housed the servants of a large villa before the U.S. took it over, to a half-block-long building on Norodom Avenue. The man in command, succeeding Chargé d'Affaires Lloyd Rives, will be newly appointed Ambassador Emory ("Cobey") Swank, 48, who was Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson's second in command in Russia as deputy chief of mission and is now one of the State Department's ranking Soviet experts. He also served as Washington's No. 2 man in Laos from 1964 to 1966.

**Settling the Conflict.** The increases in floor space and funds hardly betoken U.S. involvement on the scale of Viet Nam or Laos. In fact, the appointment of Sovietologist Swank may indicate that the U.S. is acutely sensitive to Moscow's difficult position in Cambodia as a result of Peking's sponsorship of Sihanouk, and that Washington is keeping alive its hope that Moscow may yet help in settling the conflict in Indochina. There is evidence that the Cambodians are not anxious, either, for the U.S. presence to grow too noticeable. "If the Americans send in troops, that could affect our political situation adversely," says one Cambodian official. "As it is, we know the Americans are here, but you don't see them very much—and that is good."



BLACK-MARKET U.S. GOODS IN PHNOM-PENH

Ubiquitous talismans.

## ASIA

### Yankees Going Home

For reasons of pocketbook as well as policy, the U.S. is cutting its 3,500,000-member armed forces to 2,900,000 by mid-1971, and eventually to 2,500,000. At least part of the reduction will be made in overseas garrisons—and not just those in Viet Nam. Thus the Pentagon announced last month that the 62,000-man American force in South Korea would be cut by nearly one-third. Last week plans were announced to reduce the U.S. troop level in the Philippines from 24,000 to about 18,400 possibly by next July.

No sharp objection was expected from Philippine politicians, many of whom have been suggesting for years that the Yankees go home. In Korea, however, the reaction was quite different. Pres-

While the withdrawal of 20,000 men from Korea is partly motivated by economics, U.S. officials also explain it in terms of the Nixon Doctrine—that it is time for Korea to take care of itself, and that Korea is fully capable of doing so. Seoul disagrees violently. It maintains that withdrawal would gnaw away at the South's morale while bolstering the confidence of the North Koreans. Moreover, the South Koreans argue that without American firepower they would be lost in the event of another attack from the North. The North Koreans have a tough army equipped with modern weapons and bolstered by an air force that is far superior to the South's. ROK troops have proved themselves tenacious fighters in Viet Nam, but at home they must make do with World War II-vintage weaponry. At present the two armies, along with



U.S. TROOPS PATROLLING KOREA'S 38TH PARALLEL  
Something to cushion the impact.

ident Chung Hee Park and Premier Chung Il Kwon berated the U.S. for its decision. The Premier threatened to resign if the U.S. did not delay the withdrawal until 1976 and pledge \$1 billion in military aid spread over five years to upgrade Korea's own forces.

Last week, at a conference in Honolulu, Korea pressed for reconsideration of the pullout. The U.S. indicated that the withdrawal was not negotiable. After two days of heated discussions, no timetable was agreed upon—though U.S. sources still expect up to 20,000 Army ground troops to be out by early next year. The U.S. did promise, however, to take several steps to bolster the 500,000-man ROK army.

Among the measures: the transfer of U.S. aircraft to Korea from other Pacific bases; the shift of Navy tracker planes for reconnaissance and antisubmarine patrols; and the accelerated development of defense industries in South Korea. The U.S. also reaffirmed a commitment to "render prompt and effective assistance" in the event of attack.

two U.S. divisions, are engaged in a nerve-racking confrontation across the 38th parallel's free-fire zone; though the truce line is guaranteed by the 1953 U.N. armistice, there are sporadic outbursts of shooting.

Beyond that, there are cash considerations. Withdrawal would directly affect 12,000 Korean workers now employed by the U.S. military, along with hundreds of small businesses. The various businesses dealing with the U.S. military take in an estimated \$160 million per year and stand to lose a good part of that if the scheduled withdrawal goes through. "We cannot have an adequate military force and carry out a high economic growth policy at the same time on our present economic base," argues Economic Minister Hak Yul Kim.

The Japanese, however, will help cushion the impact. At the annual Cabinet-level meeting between the two countries, held last week in Seoul, the Tokyo government pledged \$100 million worth of new loans and promised to study the possibility of \$59 million more.

## THE CARIBBEAN

### "Tourism Is Whorism"

Tourist brochures fancifully refer to it as the "eighth continent," a palm-fringed paradise of emerald bays, gleaming beaches and sybaritic hotels. Just beyond the thin strips of sand, however, lies a very different West Indian world, one of discontent and outright anger.

Listen to Evan X. Hyde, 22, a *summa cum laude* graduate of Dartmouth who has become a Black Power leader in his native British Honduras—or "Afro Honduras," as he chooses to call it: "You don't dig living in houses fit for pigs, you don't dig having to work for \$20 a week so the white people and the corrupt black rulers can get rich. How long are you going to take this crap? The white man is your enemy, and don't you forget it. Tourism is whorism. I say live black. Black and proud."

**Common Element.** The Caribbean region is being swept by its worst social unrest since the trade union troubles a generation ago. "In the face of rising unemployment and increasing social problems," says Lynden O. Pindling, the black Prime Minister of the Bahamas, "the reincarnated forces of the 1930s have stepped onto the 1970 scene and are moving like a mighty avalanche. This avalanche is called Black Power—the Caribbean variety."

Ironically, it has begun rolling at a time when blacks—not whites—rule in much of the area. This is true not only of the countries in the Caribbean littoral that remain colonial outposts of the U.S., Britain, France and The Netherlands, but also of those that won their independence during the 1960s. During the past 18 months, riots or demonstrations have hit one West Indian land after another (see map). The advocates of Black Power range from Maoists to religious fanatics, but within this diversity there is a common element of explosive discontent.

**Afro-Saxon.** In Jamaica, a sugar-plantation economy in which less than 1% of the nation's farms occupy 56% of the total acreage, the sharp division between rich and poor has been perpetuated since independence from Britain in 1962. On the one side are the prosperous and well-educated blacks and mulattoes with clipped British accents and comfortable homes in places like the Blue Mountains overlooking Kingston. On the other side are the impoverished, ill-educated blacks whose unemployment rate among some groups reaches 50%.

The rowdier members of this group can make West Kingston an uncomfortable spot on a Saturday night for a white tourist, or even for an affluent black. A riot two years ago took two lives and caused \$2,500,000 in property damage. Now the government nervously bans the works of Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael and Che Guevara, and forbids entry to suspected troublemakers.

Before independence, a Trinidadian politician named Eric Williams turned



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Only we call them Clubtails. Because they're so much easier, quicker and better than cocktails.

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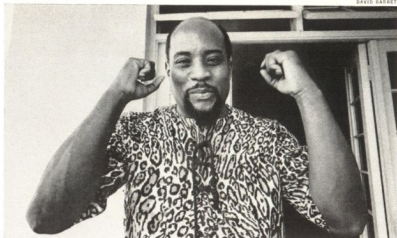


Port of Spain's Woodford Square into a radical forum during the 1950s. This year militants again used the Square as a "people's parliament," but to denounce Williams himself, now the Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, as an "Afro-Saxon"—a black man with a white mentality. The government's arrest of 14 militants last April set the stage for a week-long mutiny by half of the island's 750-man defense force; it also led to riots in which four lives were lost.

To restore confidence, Williams proclaimed a new five-year development plan that included an ambitious housing and rural development program. "We have already gone further than any other Caribbean territory except Cuba," he said. But the local population—49% black and 40% East Indian—does not seem overly impressed. Says a 60-year-old plumber who has been out of work for eight years: "I will never live to see half of what he is promising."

**Safety Valve.** On many of the smaller islands, the trend is the same. In Grenada, a self-governing British state, Prime Minister Eric Gairy proposes to deal with rising militancy by reintroducing the cat-o'-nine-tails for arson and other serious offenses. In independent Barbados, the government passed a law banning public meetings that stir up racial hatred and proposed a similar law for statements by members of Parliament. It also called off a conference of U.S. and West Indian Black Power leaders early in July. After racial workers and students sacked Willemstad, capital of the island of Curaçao in the Netherlands Antilles, last year, one of their leaders, Stanley Brown, explained: "Holland has a hell of a debt to Curaçao—something similar to the Germans' debt to the Jews. They didn't kill us, but they stole our culture."

Like the black African, the West Indian is discovering that national independence and black political control have failed to bring prosperity. Some



MARCUS GARVEY JR. IN KINGSTON

*A common element of explosive discontent.*

blame foreign economic dominance for this: most of the Caribbean's existing industries, such as oil refining, sugar, bauxite mining and banking, are foreign-controlled, and the top jobs are held by whites or a handful of privileged blacks. The fact is, however, that the Caribbean's natural resources are relatively scarce, and even if all the industries were run by blacks instead of whites, a serious shortage of jobs would still prevail. Unemployment is rising and the birth rate remains high; 62% of Trinidad's population are under 25. To make matters worse, the Caribbean's traditional safety valve—emigration—has been almost shut off by both Britain and the U.S.

The Caribbean Black Power movement can be traced to the writings of Haiti's Jean Price Mars in the 1920s. Long before Senegal's Poet-President Léopold Senghor had defined his concept of *négritude*, Price Mars was writing of the black man's need to accept his African heritage and to use it as a cultural resource, a theme echoed today

by Martinique-born Poet-Dramatist Aimé Césaire. Accordingly, many of the Caribbean's contemporary radicals, like their counterparts in the U.S., talk about a spiritual return to Africa. Says Jamaica's Marcus Garvey Jr., whose late father emigrated to Harlem and founded a Back to Africa movement there in the early 1920s: "We want to be linked with the Greater Africa." Similarly, Dr. M.B. Abeng Doonquah envisions a Jamaica based on the "African socialism" of Ghana's deposed leader Kwame Nkrumah and speaks of the island as "this African outpost."

**Busboy Nations.** Against the romantic notion that West Indians can solve their present problems by rooting about in their past, Trinidad and Tobago's Eric Williams protests: "There can be no Mother Africa, no Mother England, no Mother China. The only mother we recognize is Mother Trinidad and Tobago." Even more vehemently, Barbados' Prime Minister Errol Barrow dismisses Black Power militants as a "collection of misfits and dropouts" who are "against anybody who is successful."

To some extent, of course, Barrow is right. But he overlooks the fact that the militants have a politically potent point—that relatively few of the Caribbean's blacks have managed to reap the benefits of nationhood or industrial development, and instead have seen their newly free countries being turned into what some refer to as "nations of busboys."

In a more elliptical manner, a Barbadian calypso singer named Lord Radio manages in a single stanza to deride both Whitey and the Black Power advocates as symbolized by Stokely Carmichael. After hearing one of Stokely's sulfurous speeches advocating immediate apocalypse, Lord Radio wrote in *Black Power Situation*:

*Everybody telling Stokely to go,  
Martin Luther King was my he-ro.  
I may be a bum,  
But I am not dumb.  
So you try your cocktail,  
I'll drink my rum.*



San Bernardino

Boston

Miami



At 100,000 miles per second,  
the shortest distance between two phones may be a zigzag.

At the speed telephone signals travel, a detour isn't  
a delay.

Say you're calling from Boston to Miami. It's quite  
possible that you'll be routed through San Bernardino,  
California.

But you'll arrive in Miami just as fast. Or only a frac-  
tion of a second later.

Your call goes the long way for just one reason: so  
you won't get caught in a traffic jam the short way. (When  
it's an extra-busy 10 a.m. Christmas morning in Boston,  
it's only 7 a.m. in California.)

To know when to send you where, network traffic  
managers aided by computers are watch-dogging mil-  
lions of calls each day.

Each of 12 regional centers in North America has  
its own traffic team that studies a board lit up with calls  
flashing to their destination.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company  
and your local Bell Company aren't satisfied just perfect-  
ing this overland route.

Now we're working out wider uses for the communi-  
cations satellites overhead.

So the shortest distance between two phones may  
take you through outer space.



## PEOPLE

Photographers swarmed around **Mia Farrow** as her glamorous **André Previn** conducted the Los Angeles Philharmonic and **Jack Benny** played Mendelssohn over the phone. Still, **Isaac Stern** more than held his own at his 50th birthday celebration. His rendition of the Brahms violin concerto was the hit of a gala at the Hollywood Bowl. At supper afterward, his observations ranged from philosophy ("Music is more important than musicians. The music goes on and on. All we can do is serve it honestly") to a pun inspired by Ogden Nash ("I leave no tone unSterned").

She turned 80 on July 22, and he turned 78 on July 23. The dedication of the John F. Kennedy library at Ethiopia's national university brought them together for a birthday party. Eight candles burned on the pink-and-white-iced cake, and despite the difficulty of drawing a breath in 8,000-ft.-high Addis Ababa, **Rose Kennedy** blew them out in one puff. "I made it," she panted, laughing, and handed the first slice to Emperor **Haile Selassie**, King of Kings, Lion of Judah, Elect of God.

"The only phobia I have that I know about is heights," said **Paul Newman**. "I get clammy even watching somebody else up in a tree." So there was Newman near the top of a 90-ft. Oregon pine, hauling up a chain saw and hand ax. It took a film, of course, a version of Ken Kesey's novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, to induce the actor-acro-



FARROW, PREVIN, STERN  
Philosophy at the party.

phobe to do lumberjack stunts. He reported two weeks early in order to work on his timber technique with a real north-woods logger. "It takes a lot of acting," Newman admitted, "to cover up the fear."

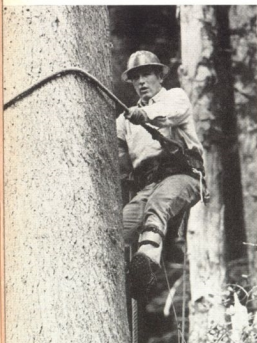
**Daniel P. Moynihan**, one of the Administration's few conspicuous phrase-makers and men of letters, was caught in a literary lapse by a New York Times reader who could not believe that the Presidential Counsellor meant to say "We have become a *noisome* country" in a recent speech. Moynihan confessed in his letter to the paper that "after hasty consultation with Webster's Second Edition," he had tried—unsuccessfully—to swing a deal with a reporter to have the word rendered as "querulous." Then he concluded with a verbal flourish: "Thus does truth subvert semantics."

The Spiro Agnew and the Mickey Mouse will soon face competition from wristwatches bearing caricatures of **Richard Nixon** and **Ronald Reagan**. Spurred on by the success of the Agnew watch, young Fred Saxe of Los Angeles has formed a company to turn out timepieces depicting Nixon in a red-and-white-striped coat and blue shoes, his minute- and hour-hand arms extended in the V sign. At about 11:05 the President strikes his memorable double-V victory pose. Saxe insists that his watches are "in no way meant to be derogatory." He does admit that "hidden po-

litical comment" may be found in the Reagan model. The numerals on the face run backward.

Awaiting him in Arizona was a new life in the sun with a nine-year-old widow named Hazel. But no commercial airline would undertake to transport Jack, the Baltimore Zoo's bachelor gorilla, from Baltimore to Phoenix. *Playboy* Publisher **Hugh Hefner** saved the day by placing his personal DC-9 jet, *Big Bunny*, at Jack's disposal. Heavily sedated, the 18-year-old, 300-lb. animal was hefted aboard and deposited on Hefner's eight-foot elliptical bed as curious Bunnies clustered round. Something of *Big Bunny's* ambience may have rubbed off on *Big Jack*. At first sight of her simian mate, Hazel reacted with immodest delight. Perhaps the Phoenix zookeepers will name the first offspring Little Hef.

Some retired baseball players own bowling alleys, some sell real estate. If **Joe Pepitone** stays retired at 29, he says he will stick to hairdressing. The eccentric ex-Yankee first baseman owns a chain of "My Place" hair-styling salons for men. After a half-season of feuding with the Houston Astros' management, Mod Joe abruptly quit and came home to New York. His long, carefully shaped locks, embellished by a partial hairpiece, showed to advantage on the *Merv Griffin Show*, and Joe made his singing debut with a creditably crooned version of *Around the World*. But he admitted that his heart is still in the dug-out. "I love playing in the Astrodome," said Pepitone. "It's the biggest hair dryer I've ever been under."



PAUL NEWMAN  
Fear in the forest.



JOE PEPTONE  
Feud at the ballpark.

## RELIGION

### Street Christians:

#### Jesus as the Ultimate Trip

On Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, a fiercely bearded hippie buttonholes a passerby: "If you ain't saved by the blood of Jesus, man, forget it. You're damned to the pits of hell." Along Broadway in San Francisco's honky-tonk North Beach, hirsute zealots plead with gawking conventioners to bypass the topless-bottomless shows. Outside Atlanta, amid the acid rock, nude bathing and casual lovemaking of a rock festival, a young couple and their friends man two "Jesus tents" for the lost and lonely. In Boise, beaded and bell-bottomed converts wade into the river for a mass baptism; some onlookers are so charmed that they join in.

Jesus freaks. Evangelical hippies. Or, as many prefer to be called, street Christians. Under different names—and in rapidly increasing numbers—they are the latest incarnation of that oldest of Christian phenomena: footloose, passionate bearers of the Word, preaching the kingdom of heaven among the dispossessed of the earth. Their credentials are ancient, for they claim to be emulating Christ and his Disciples. They often build their lives on the *Book of Acts*, living in common like the early Christians. They abjure drugs, proscribe sex outside marriage, pray and preach incessantly among drifters, addicts and homosexuals and even, occasionally, in conventional churches and schools. They evoke images of St. Francis of Assisi and his ragged band of followers, or of the early Salvation Army, breaking away from the staid life of congregations to find their fellow man in the streets.

**Temple Custodian.** David Hoyt, 24, is one of them. Two months ago Hoyt founded the House of Judah in Atlanta's hippie district. The two-story frame house, once home to a hippie commune, now shelters young runaways and others who have been unable to cope with the surrounding drug culture. It was Hoyt and his wife Virginia who had sat patiently in one of the Jesus tents at Atlanta's rock festival, waiting to help. "The whole scene was a disaster," says Hoyt. "We have one boy who flipped out. Satan got his soul."

Like many street Christians, Hoyt came to his vocation by a circuitous route. Born a Roman Catholic, he was once an altar boy. His well-to-do parents were divorced when he was young, and he and a brother were sent to separate boys' homes. He began to sniff glue, drink wine, steal cars. He spent six years in a California reformatory, two more in jail for smuggling narcotics. Paroled at 20, he drifted to the flowering world of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, where he became a member of the Hare Krishna cult and custodian of the Radha Krishna temple. But the surrounding Haight mi-

lieu disturbed him: "I felt the hip scene was filled with plastic love and plastic peace. Their love was lust and their peace was a finger sign." Finally, Hoyt encountered one of the first of the new "Jesus people," a Baptist seminarian named Kent Philpott, now 28. Philpott was one of several young evangelicals who were becoming concerned about the Haight.

**Back from Sin.** One of the earliest efforts was a store-front ministry called the Living Room. It was the joint creation of three Bay Area evangelical ministers, John MacDonald of First Baptist Church in Mill Valley, John Streater of First Baptist in San Francisco, and Edward Plowman of Park Presidio Baptist Church in the city. To communicate with the hip settlers in Haight-Ashbury, the three hired Ted Wise, now 33, a burly Sausalito sailmaker and former drug user who had been converted through MacDonald. Before long, Wise decided that "to bring them back from sin," he first had to change the environment of his converts. So he and his wife, together with four other couples, opened a Christian commune in nearby Novato called the House of Acts.

Others followed rapidly. Kent Philpott and a few fellow seminarians at Golden Gate Baptist Seminary opened their own houses, Soul Inn and Berachah House, and those, in turn, produced other spin-offs. Success in the Bay Area prompted attempts elsewhere: Dave Palma, 20, founder of the House of Pergamos there, is now trying to introduce the idea to New York City. There are now, by conservative estimate, more than 200 communes in California, and still others in the Pacific Northwest, Chicago, Detroit and other cities.

In Berkeley, a former Penn State statistics professor, Jack Sparks, 40, launched one of the more colorful new groups, the Christian World Liberation Front. When derisive radicals dubbed them "Jesus Freaks," the Berkeley group adopted the epithet as its own, and now shares it with the movement. The Front publishes perhaps the best of the new underground Christian newspapers, *Right On*. In psychedelic typography, the paper urges its readers to forego promiscuity, drugs and alcohol.

**Visions and Demons.** Such prohibitions rarely extend to other aspects of the youth culture, which often lends itself remarkably well to the fundamentalist life-style. Jesus has always been prominent in hippie mythology, and the ideal of the shared life draws much of its inspiration from the Bible. Edward Plowman also observes that "in the drug scene, many kids develop a spiritual awareness that the alcohol culture, for example, doesn't have. They believe in a spiritual reality. They've seen visions and demons. Thus a conservative Christianity, which hasn't mythed away God and angels, appeals to them." Moreover,



BLESITT & COMPANION IN MANHATTAN



COMMUNE MEMBERS MARCHING IN L.A.



HOYT PROSELYTIZING IN ATLANTA  
Footloose bearers of the Word.

notes Plowman, street Christianity shares the conviction of early Christians that Domsday is around the corner. "They see the world coming to a condition of hopelessness that only God can straighten out."

Though most street Christians share such a fundamentalist streak, no two houses or communes are exactly alike. On Sunset Strip, for instance, Evangelist Tony Alamo, a onetime record promoter, preaches hellfire and damnation to anyone who refuses to live by the Gospel. He and his wife Susan guard their flocks rigidly at Christian Foundation, their church and commune.

But up the block at His Place, a combination nightclub and crash pad run by Southern Baptist Arthur Blessitt (TIME, Dec. 26), the message is simply love. In Washington, D.C., Blessitt is now conducting a 40-day "evangelical blitz" to mark the end of a 3,000-mile cross-country trek during which he and three companions hauled a 100-lb. cross. Part of Blessitt's message is in the little red Day-Glo stickers (JESUS LOVES YOU, TURN ON TO JESUS) that he and his followers plant everywhere. Part of the message is in the drug argot that he raps out to his street audiences: "You don't need no pills, Jes' drop a little Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Christ is the ultimate, eternal trip."

**Ancient Boldness.** Moreover, say the street Christians, Christ can liberate the addict from other trips. They claim that genuine conversion can keep an addict off drugs as no other "cure" can, and the witness of their followers, like the testimony at faith-healing tent meetings, is filled with tales of needle-scarred young lives healed by Jesus. But in contrast with many conventional fundamentalists, their approach is open and joyful, notably lacking in self-righteous stiffness. The prevailing attitude is ecumenical. Many come from Roman Catholic or Jewish backgrounds.

So far, the street Christians have met with little opposition, possibly because their primary concern is not politics but the Gospel (most are pacifists, but they rarely demonstrate). Policemen love them. Businessmen contribute generously. Even a conservative evangelical theologian like Carl F.H. Henry applauds their "1st century boldness." Perhaps the major hurdle street Christians will have to overcome is the eternal temptation to turn spontaneity into drill.

Clayton House, one of San Francisco's earliest, seems to have succumbed already. Founder Richard Key and his entourage now tape broadcasts for ten radio stations, publish a newsletter soliciting contributions, and maintain a 24-hour prayer room to forward the petitions of their benefactors. Meanwhile, Clayton House has abandoned the now largely black Haight-Ashbury scene just down the hill. "God has taken us out of the street ministry," explains one member. Of the potential converts still remaining in the Haight, he says: "Their hearts are hardened."

## Taxes v. Student Politics

Even in the anger that followed Kent and Cambodia, most college students felt that political activity was a better way to try to end the war than violence. Hundreds joined ambitious projects to campaign for peace candidates in this fall's elections. They are getting little help from "the system"—especially the Internal Revenue Service.

The IRS has taken a dim view of certain on-campus political activities. At

have endangered their hosts for decades. Not so—as long as they make sure that their campus offices do not become headquarters for local campaign workers.

Colleges have coped with the problem in different ways. At Columbia, the local branch of the Movement for a New Congress was forced off campus, at M.I.T. the group left of its own volition, and at Princeton the M.N.C. national headquarters still occupies campus offices. At the Plattsburgh campus of the State University of New York, S.U.N.Y., trustees canceled a planned recess; similar plans are being reconsidered at Columbia and Rutgers. The faculties of Harvard and Williams also voted down student requests for time off. Said Harvard: "If the university accommodates its work or reshapes its goals to political purposes, however worthy, its functions will be jeopardized, its quality eroded, its existence ultimately brought into question."

More sanguine about their futures, M.I.T., Vassar, Cornell, Princeton and the City University of New York will recess for one or two weeks before the election and reduce other vacations accordingly. At New York's Hofstra University, the problem is academic: 71% of Hofstra's students voted not to close.

Tax-hungry cities are getting into the act. In Waltham, Mass., home of Brandeis University, the local board of assessors threatened the school with a \$10,000 tax bill for the building used by a nationwide campus-fever monitoring project: the student-run strike information center. As a result, the center has left the Brandeis campus. Boston has asked colleges owning property in the city to report on whether political-action groups are using their facilities. The threat has no effect on far-left campus groups like the S.D.S., which do not engage in conventional politics but spend their energies attacking the system.

## The Old Blues' Green

It was a year to make Yale's fund-raisers quit. Along with an invasion by more than 500 undergraduate coeds, the school suffered its first student strike, a mass occupation by white activists and Black Panthers, and stern words by Spiro Agnew urging the replacement of Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. One volunteer fund-raising officer resigned and threatened that he would urge his classmates to stop giving if Brewster did not resign too. Meantime, Yale's would-be contributors suffered as the stock market plunged.

As the fund-raisers balanced the books last week, though, it turned out that Yale alumni had kept the faith. Apparently still satisfied with Brewster's stewardship, they had forked over \$4,643,322, the biggest sum ever raised by Yale's annual alumni fund campaign—or that of any other American university.



CAMPAIGNERS AT PRINCETON  
The IRS takes a dim view.

issue are plans that call for 1) coordinating student campaigners through campus centers (like those sponsored by the Princeton-based Movement for a New Congress), and 2) granting pre-election recesses to allow students and faculty to work in campaigns. After consulting the IRS, the American Council on Education has issued cautious guidelines. Colleges that lend a substantial portion of their facilities to groups backing specific candidates or legislation may compromise their legal status as educational institutions and forfeit their exemption from local property taxes and federal taxes on endowment income. This would also cancel their contributors' right to deduct gifts from their tax returns. Also in danger of losing their educational status: colleges that shorten rather than rearrange their schedules thereby, in effect, allowing students and faculty to campaign on school time.

At first glance, campus Republican and Democratic clubs would seem to



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## THE PRESS

### Washington Witch Hunt

Why was Princess Anne's mood in the U.S. as blue as her royal blood? London's *Sunday Mirror* last week blamed "the witches of Washington." Wrote *Mirror* woman Paula James: "Everywhere that Anne went, the witches went too—pushing and shoving the Princess and asking questions." In remarkably similar language, another London Sunday paper hissed that Washington's "ladies of the broomstick" harassed Anne. And who are the witches? The unsigned piece in *The People* meowed: "The group of ill-mannered ragbags who call themselves social columnists."

Washington's female press corps reacted by baring its own claws. The real reason for Anne's sulk, said Lynn Langway of the Chicago *Daily News*, was that "she just found out who won the Revolution and she's a sore loser." Other reporters complained that when they tried to get close enough to the Princess to hear her quotes, they were elbowed out by Miss James. One remembered the way she dealt with a U.S. photographer who got in her way: the Briton called him an "American pig."

The flying feline fur blurred a few facts. Far from being harassed by hordes of U.S. newswomen, the Princess was regularly accompanied by a pool of only six reporters, two of them British. True, the U.S. pool members included U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas and A.P.'s Frances Lewine, among the fiercest rivals in the entire Washington press corps. But both, by their normal standards, were considerably subdued in the royal presence. Miss Thomas asked Anne only one question: how she liked the view at the Washington Monument. When the Princess frostily replied, "I do not give interviews," Miss Thomas uncharacteristically gave up.

As for pushing and shoving, Miss James should have seen the two wire-ser-

PAUL CORVILIN



THOMAS

LEWINE

Claws across the Atlantic.

vise combatants when they accompanied President Nixon on a yacht ride in California last summer. Finding only one ship-to-shore phone available, they almost came to blows as they wrestled to make the first call. That sight might have made even Princess Anne smile.

### Time to Decompress

His detractors, notably U.S. military brass, have called him dishonest, dangerous, anti-American and even a card-carrying Communist. But admiring junior officers asked for his autograph, and Congressmen visiting Viet Nam sought him out to obtain his views on the war. Associated Press Correspondent Peter Arnett, in fact, is one of the most energetic and resourceful reporters ever to cover Indochina.

Something of a legend among rival newsmen for being in the right place at the right time, Arnett combines hustle with a discerning eye for detail and an acute ear for devastating quotes, including those that symbolize the tragedy of the war. He was there, for example, when an Army major looked over the ruins of Ben Tre after the Tet offensive and said, "The city had to be destroyed in order to save it."

Last week, after eight years of duty in Indochina, Arnett left at his own request for reassignment as a roving reporter in the U.S. Departing A.P.'s Saigon Bureau at the same time was another distinguished veteran, Photographer-Reporter Horst Faas. Most recently in charge of the bureau's much-admired photo operations, Faas will become a roving Southeast Asia correspondent based in Singapore.

**Aggressive Team.** New Zealand-born Arnett, now 35, and German-born Faas, now 37, arrived in Viet Nam for A.P. on the same day in 1962. Often they worked as a reporting team. On the surface, they may seem too alike for compatibility. Arnett is brash, aggressive; Faas is gruff, Prussianly efficient. But together they produced some spectacular results. Among them: the 1965 disclosure that U.S. and South Vietnamese forces were experimenting with non-lethal gas; last year's exclusive on Alpha Company, the U.S. Army unit that balked at an order to advance. Individually, they did equally well. Arnett won a Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1965; Faas won a Pulitzer for his photography in 1964.

One of Arnett's most memorable items was his account of the battle in 1967 for Hill 875, near Dak To. Out of 300 U.S. soldiers who went up the hill, he recalls, 97 were killed and 120 were wounded. "We were stuck there for 30 hours, no water, no nothing—just enemy fire. The living and the dead had the same gray pallor. When I finally got on the helicopter to get out of there, I just howled. I was so glad to be alive." The same year Faas wrote a



FAAS & ARNETT

War weary after eight years.

moving story while he was in a hospital recovering from a severe rocket wound. Without his camera, Faas simply recorded in words the scene around him: the boy without a face, the stains on the nurses' clothes, the moans, the man who quietly quivered and died during the evening television news.

Such stories helped make the two newsmen, Arnett in particular, the target of Pentagon ire. But both insist they have been more than fair. "Our mistake," says Arnett, "was in not being pessimistic enough." One military complaint was that he avoided talking to generals. Says Arnett: "All they can give me is their interpretation of events. I'd rather make my own. I don't want Abrams whispering to me about the goddam Thais and telling me I can't quote him. That restricts my reportage."

**Losing His Cool.** Both men were plainly war weary as they said their goodbyes last week. "I will never be one of those guys who sit around and talk about the good old days in Saigon," Faas told *TIME* Correspondent Robert Anson. "There were never any good old days in Saigon. People were always getting killed."

Said Arnett: "I don't feel a reporter ought to be involved. But I remember going into Snoul [Cambodia] and seeing the bodies of five civilians in the road. They had been napalmed. There was a mother and her two kids sort of melted together. I've seen a lot of bodies, but this got me. I started to lose my cool." He paused, then added: "The war is going to go on and on—five or ten more years—no matter what anybody writes. I've been like a diver crawling around the floor of the ocean too long. I've got to come to the surface and decompress."

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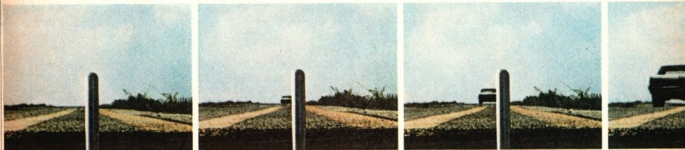
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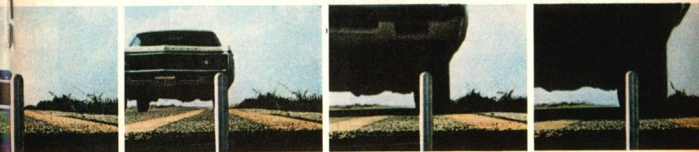
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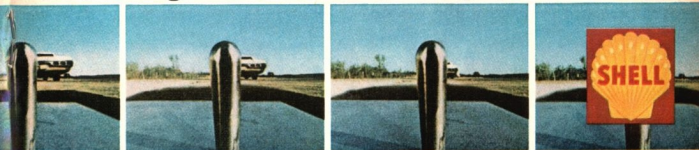
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## Intrepid Indeed

In the countdown for the 1970 America's Cup in September, midsummer is the time for a series of shakedown races called the Observation Trials. As it happened, some of the most telling observations about this year's competition could be made right at dockside in Newport, R.I. Late into the night, Naval Architect Olin Stephens was seen tinkering with *Valiant*, his latest 12-meter design. Near by, Skipper-Designer Charlie Morgan Jr. was hard at work seeking to improve his golden-hulled *Heritage*. At another slip, the crew of Helmsman Bill Ficker's *Intrepid* lounged on the sloop's deck, sporting green-and-white buttons that declared FICKER IS QUICKER.

So it seemed. Though the final trials to decide which of the three U.S. boats will defend the cup do not begin until Aug. 18, the Observation races suggested that Ficker and *Intrepid* are ready to sail off to one of the greatest upsets in America's Cup history. When the U.S. contenders hit the water this spring, *Valiant* was the heavy favorite simply because she was the latest creation of Olin Stephens, the 62-year-old designer of four of the last five cup champions. In fact, Stephens' winning design for the last America's Cup in 1967 was *Intrepid*. Now, radically revamped by 29-year-old Designer Britton Chance Jr., Stephens' own boat threatens to break the old master's winning streak.

**Consistent Superiority.** The changes that Chance made on *Intrepid*—shorter keel, rounder bow, fuller afterbody—have obviously made the white-hulled sloop swifter than ever. What is astonishing is that she may actually be a faster boat than Stephens' brand-new *Valiant*. Her first two races around the triangular 24.3-mile course set the pattern for the trials. With Ficker at the helm, *Intrepid* handily defeated the trial horse *Weatherly* by 3 min. 55 sec., and then trounced *Heritage* by the embarrassing margin of 5 min. 17 sec.

*Valiant*, under Skipper Bob McCullough, was the next victim. In their first match, McCullough sloppily cut off Ficker's boat in the preliminary maneuvering and was disqualified. Next time out, *Valiant* took the lead but was soon overhauled by *Intrepid* in a furious tacking duel: from then on, *Intrepid* was never headed, as she repeatedly outfooted *Valiant* on the windward legs of the course to win by 2 min. 14 sec. Two more times *Intrepid* and Ficker proved quicker—by the combined times of 4 min. 20 sec. Only in the last race was McCullough able to salvage something from the trials by boxing out *Intrepid* at the gun and going on to win a hard-fought race by 1 min. 50 sec. Final tally: 9 victories, 1 loss for *Intrepid*; 4 victories, 6 losses for *Valiant*. *Heritage* was just about

out of it with a dismal 2-7 record.

For Ficker, 42, a prosperous architect from Newport Beach, Calif., *Intrepid*'s showing was fitting answer to those skeptics who felt that he was not up to handling a tricky 12-meter. Though he was co-helmsman of *Columbia* in the 1967 cup trials, most of his experience is in ocean racers and smaller one-design boats. Nevertheless, Ficker, the Star Class world champion in 1958, has proved his contention that the tactics he learned in small boats would serve him well in the America's Cup. A tall, totally bald man, he resembles the thin man's Mr. Clean only in looks. Unlike some skippers, he does not impose a curfew on his young crew, nor does he lead them in calisthenics. Even so, he had his charges



FICKER AT HELM OF "INTREPID"  
The buttons say quicker.

outlasting the more experienced *Valiant* hands on nearly every tack. "Though we aren't No. 2 any more," says Ficker, "we still have to try harder to uphold the tradition of *Intrepid*."

Over on *Valiant*, Bob McCullough is desperately trying to build a tradition from scratch. His boat is plagued by steering problems and a tendency to surge erratically in heavy seas. "We seem to be moving in spurts, and we don't yet know the reason for it," he says. Though he and Stephens modified *Valiant* before and during the trials, the 49-year-old skipper allows that more "substantial changes" still have to be made on the sails, the rigging and the hull. A seasoned competitor, McCullough is still very much in the race even though he no longer sounds like No. 1. "Maybe," he muttered after one defeat, "we went for too radical a design." Come Aug. 18, he will find out.

## MUSIC

### Miss Bessie's Blues

The first time John Hammond heard Bessie Smith sing was in October 1927 at the Alhambra Theater in Harlem. He was 16, and, at his parents' insistence he went to the 6 o'clock show and got home early. "Bessie didn't mess with the mike," Hammond recalls. "She was just up there belting. She had come up before the days of the microphone, and so she had developed a pair of pipes you couldn't believe. Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey—the ones that came after her—all had small voices. You couldn't hear them without a mike. But Bessie had power."

Bessie had a lot more than power, as Hammond soon realized. Subtlety, intuition, presence, drama, compassion—all those and more made her the greatest female blues singer who ever lived. Six years later, on Nov. 24, 1933, when Bessie's star—and fortune—had all but vanished, Hammond, who began working for Columbia Records after two years at Yale, produced what turned out to be her final recording session. It was no easy matter: the Depression had left Columbia virtually bankrupt. All the money that Hammond could raise for the session was \$150 for Bessie (\$37.50 for each of the four sides she cut), and \$150 split among such sidemen as Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden and Chu Berry. Still, the session meant a lot to Bessie, and she showed it by the way she tore into *Down in the Dumps*:

*I'm always like a tiger,  
I'm ready to jump,  
I need a whole lot of lovin'  
'Cause I'm down in the  
dumps.*

Now Hammond is embarked on an even bigger rescue mission—the reissue of every one of Bessie's 160 records. Columbia, somewhat wealthier these days, is releasing them in a series of five two-LP albums, each containing 32 songs, each priced at an attractive \$5.98. The first album, containing Bessie's first acoustic recordings (1923) and her last electrics (1930-33), has been out five weeks and has already sold more than 35,000 copies. That is an unprecedented feat in the history of reissues, and a surprise to everyone but Hammond. An executive producer with Columbia and the discoverer of such diverse talents as Billie Holiday, Count Basie and Bob Dylan, Hammond has a knack for making the unexpected pay off. Actually, Project Bessie Smith is timed perfectly. Blues dominate the pop music scene today in much the same way that jazz did in the late 1930s and early 1940s.

When Bessie Smith sang the blues, every misery, lust and hostility that had ever racked her fleshy 5-ft. 9-in., 200-lb. frame came out in the music. Her sense of pitch was phenomenal. She could hit a note right in the middle when she wanted to, but she could also shade a vowel with any one of a thousand different flat slurs that seemed always at her disposal. Her message came out with a clear diction few lieder singers could match. She shaped a song as though its architecture were sonata form, not repetitious twelve-bar patterns.

The sound of trouble that always hovered in her voice undoubtedly had its or-



BESSIE SMITH (1930)

*Power, passion and the sound of trouble.*

igns in her drastically abridged childhood. Born into poverty in Chattanooga, Tenn., before the turn of the century (1898 is the probable year, although there are no records), Bessie lost her father when she was an infant, her mother when she was nine. At age eleven, she joined the touring Rabbit Foot Minstrels, where Gertrude ("Ma") Rainey—the primogenitress of all female blues singers—began to school her greatest offspring.

Bessie's first record, *Down Hearted Blues*, sold 800,000 copies (at 75¢ each) in 1923. It was Columbia's first pop hit and inspired the company to start its Race Series, aimed at the black market. Billed as the Empress of the Blues, Bessie soon had a \$20,000-a-year in-

come from Columbia and was pulling down from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a week on the black concert circuit in the north-east and south.

**The Crash.** By the time of the Depression, Bessie's drinking was as legendary as her singing. In 1932, "Miss Bessie" was convinced the blues were finished, and at the time, she was right. Most blacks were turning toward more sophisticated, white-oriented musical values. It was not long before Bessie was touring in the South, for maybe \$140 a week. One night in September 1937, on a highway outside Clarksdale, Miss., she was injured fatally in an automobile accident. Nobody knows exactly what happened after the crash. For years the legend was that Bessie was turned away at the door of a "whites-only" hospital. That version has been largely disproved now, although she probably had to wait for a "blacks-only" ambulance. Whether she could have survived her injuries is impossible to say; the doctor who treated her at the scene doubts it.

For Hammond, and countless other listeners as well, Bessie Smith "was the greatest artist American jazz ever produced." By applying the word jazz to a blues artist, he was referring to her wondrous capability for improvisation—to the fact that she wrote many of her own songs, and never sang one the same way twice. By necessity, Volume I of the new reissue series does not document Bessie's different ways with single songs, but it does document just about everything else, including the bawdiness that was an inescapable facet of the blues scene in the 1920s and 1930s. Sample, from *Need a Little Sugar in My Bowl*:

*I need a little sugar in my  
bowl,  
I need a little hot dog on my  
roll,  
I can stand a bit of lovin', oh  
so bad,  
I feel so funny, I feel so sad.*

By next spring Columbia will have issued four more of Miss Bessie's double albums. In its scope, the project is the most ambitious reissue job ever attempted. Further, the LP transfers engineered by Hammond and his associates (notably Blues Expert Chris Albertson) are gems of sound restoration. Not only have the clicks, pops and other surface noises from the shellac originals been eliminated—a routine procedure now—but more important, the original sound has been given new luster and immediacy without the usual resort to artificial echo or phony stereo. "Bessie never got the acclaim she deserved," says Hammond. Not until now, when Bessie seems a cinch to get much more—that whole lot of lovin' she always hungered for.



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We have heard other cars bragging about their mileage.

And though we have fumed inwardly, up until now we have remained silent.

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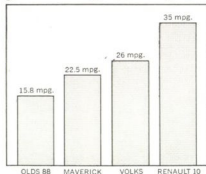
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# ENVIRONMENT

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"AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ALL THIS DAMN FLAPDOODLE ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT IS JUST A TRICK TO TAKE OUR MINDS OFF THE COMMIES."

## The Rise of Anti-Ecology

"Ecology?" scoffs a black militant in Chicago. "I don't give a good goddam about ecology!" In Georgia, Union Camp Corporation's director of air and water resources, Glenn Kimble, wonders whether mankind will suffer "a whole hell of a lot if the whooping crane doesn't quite make it." Flowery-hatted ladies from the D.A.R. have served notice that concern over pollution "is being distorted and exaggerated by emotional declarations and by intensive propaganda." Such backlash views are now being voiced in many parts of the country, although the protesters often have little more in common than the smoggy air they breathe.

**Fancy or Fad.** To some critics, the environmental movement resembles a children's crusade of opportunistic politicians, zealous Ivy Leaguers, longhaired eco-activists and scientists who speak too sweepingly and too gloomily. The D.A.R. labels the movement "one of the subversive element's last steps." Members of that element, the ladies add, have "gone after the military and the police, and now they're going after our parks and playgrounds." In the same vein, several newspapers from Alabama to Alaska solemnly stressed the happenstance that Earth Day (April 22) fell on Lenin's birthday.

The Red-plot notion hardly impresses serious critics like University of Chicago Economist Milton Friedman. Instead, they view the environmental movement as a mere fad that will soon vanish, like the War on Poverty. Friedman also decries the tendency of some crusaders to

cast big industrial corporations\* as "evil devils who are deliberately polluting the air." He argues that the real source of most pollution is the consumer.

Both the leftist Progressive Labor Party and Conservative Columnist William F. Buckley Jr. see the movement as a diversion from more important national priorities. Joining them in this view are many antiwar students who feel that peace far outranks pollution as a protest goal. S.D.S. chapters on many campuses have also publicly embraced anti-ecology because President Nixon is publicly pro-ecology.

Blacks generally are the most vocal opponents of all. Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes has said that providing housing, clothing and food for the poor should take precedence over finding ways to combat air and water pollution. Says Richard Hatcher, black mayor of Gary, Ind.: "The nation's concern with environment has done what George Wallace was unable to do: distract the nation from the human problems of black and brown Americans."

Other protests are bound to come as industries start to fight pollution. In many cases, marginal operations might indeed be forced out of business when they have to take on the added burden of pollution safeguards. Armco Steel Corp., for example, closed eight old open-hearth furnaces in Houston rather than equip them with costly antipollution

\* Last week Attorney General John Mitchell ordered the Justice Department to file suits to bar eight large corporations—including Allied Chemical, Olin, Weyerhaeuser and Georgia-Pacific—from poisoning public waters with mercury.

devices. This kind of shutdown can cause economic havoc. Some cases:

► U.S. Steel Corp. has threatened to close all its plants in Duluth rather than spend \$8,000,000 for pollution controls required by the state. A shutdown, city fathers fear, would throw 2,500 people out of work and severely damage the city's economy.

► B.A.S.F., an American subsidiary of a large German chemical company, has suspended plans to build a \$200 million plastics and dye complex in poverty-stricken Beaufort County, S.C., until it determines just how expensive Government-ordered pollution controls will be.

► A recent Federal Water Quality Administration edict against thermal pollution, if strictly enforced, could reduce power production by plants using fossil fuel (oil, coal) and force utility companies to start costly redesign of water-cooling systems.

**New Challenge.** Most environmentalists agree that ways must be found to help industries and cities pay for pollution control. Says Stanford University Population Biologist Paul Ehrlich: "It should be made perfectly clear that when the Government sets out to ban the use of DDT, society ought to do something to ease the transition for people who previously engaged in the manufacture of DDT." Ecologist Barry Commoner, who heads the botany department at Washington University, goes a step further. "Every one of the ecological changes needed for the sake of preserving our environment is going to place added stress within the social structure," he says. "We really can't solve the environmental crisis without solving the resulting social crisis." Commoner argues that once Americans recognize the problems, they will find proper answers through the democratic process. But those answers require hard economic choices: Who should pay for improving the environment? How can a recession-hit town eject polluting plants at the expense of vitally needed jobs?

The key problem seems to be that the rhetoric of ecology too often makes the subject look like a confused mix of unrelated alarms and issues. In fact, most of the issues are interrelated. The DDT that kills birds and fish may seem remote in importance when compared with the rats and garbage that infest ghettos to slums. Yet both DDT and rats directly degrade the quality of U.S. life. Nevertheless, some aspects of the environmental problem are clearly more pressing than others. For example, public-health and land-use planning should rank higher than campaigns against litter and noise. Curbing carbon monoxide in cities is more important than saving caribou in Alaska. For environmentalists, the new challenge is how to retain ecology's holistic view of man and nature while yet recognizing that the movement will soon fade unless it sets priorities that millions of Americans can understand and support.

## THE LAW

### How to Be a Demonstrator And Stay Out of Jail

Even in the age of chronic protest, few Americans know the rules for public demonstrations. It is not surprising. The First Amendment firmly guarantees every person the right to speak freely, assemble peaceably and petition the Government for redress of grievances. Yet there is no constitutional right to express dissent at any particular time or place. State or municipal governments are free to restrict almost any public speech or conduct that clearly threatens to incite violence or impede some of society's other legitimate interests.

As a result, U.S. laws and customs dealing with demonstrations abound with local variations, many of which are probably unconstitutional but have not yet been tested in the courts. In South Carolina and several other states, anyone who hangs the flag upside down faces a jail term. Pennsylvania permits flag desecration as a form of political expression. In Athens, Ga., white demonstrators can get parade permits in six hours; blacks wait 24 hours. No appellate court has yet tested the constitutionality of the 1968 federal anti-riot law, which carries a five-year sentence or \$10,000 fine for crossing a state line to incite or join a demonstration that might turn violent, even if it never takes place.

All the same, the Supreme Court and many lower courts are gradually developing fair rules that apply equally to hardhats and longhairs. Among the more clearly settled patterns:

**STREET-CORNER SPEECHES** for political or religious purposes require no permits, even

if a crowd is likely to gather. One rarely enforced New York City ordinance requires speakers to display an American flag. The general rule holds that strong, even abusive language is permitted, but incitement that might set off violence is not. The line between the two is still being worked out in the courts.

**LEAFLET DISTRIBUTION** is not littering as long as it is done on public streets for political purposes. Even so, recipients can be fined or arrested for discarding leaflets carelessly.

**SIDEWALK MARCHES AND PICKETING** are constitutionally protected from most interference by public officials, although several cities demand permits and Illinois law bars picketing in front of private residences. Marchers' legal protection probably applies to most privately owned thoroughfares that are used regularly by the public, such as the paths and parking lots of shopping centers. Peaceful participants can march as far as they like, stretch out the line of march, chant, and even subject pedestrians to minor inconveniences without being penalized. Pickets who remain standing instead of walking cannot be arrested for refusing to obey police orders to keep moving, unless the police have reason to believe that the demonstrators are blocking traffic or preventing pedestrians from normal movement.

**STREET PARADES** require permits virtually everywhere, as do activities in most parks and the use of sound equipment. Though permission may not be denied arbitrarily, standards of reasonableness are still in flux. Chicago reacted to the 1968 Democratic Convention riots by enacting a new law requiring the city

to grant or deny permits within two days after applications are filed. The New York Civil Liberties Union wryly advises: "It may be well to apply for such a permit. If you don't get it, you will then have a better defense if you are arrested."

**ARREST.** Once an individual is taken into custody, police may not interrogate him until they inform him of his rights to silence and legal counsel. But even if an arrest is illegal for any reason, the act of sitting down or going limp is often treated as the separate offense of resisting arrest. Third parties may be charged with interference for as little as standing in the way. Since an arrested witness is almost no use at all, lawyers suggest that observers who think police are unfair should keep quiet and note facts like the officer's badge number. Demonstrators may be searched—before arrest as well as after—if the police have good reason to suspect that they are carrying concealed weapons. Legal protests must remain peaceful, but in legally questionable situations the N.Y.C.L.U. pragmatically advises demonstrators: "If the police tell you to move, ask them where to and try to go there."

### Strengthening the Weaker Sex

Of the 5,400 people that the Libbey-Owens-Ford Co. employs to make glass in Toledo, only 200 are members of the "minority" group that makes up more than half the city's population. Just like their fellow workers, they want overtime pay and a crack at the tough jobs that lead to advancement. But because they are women, a state law bars them from working more than nine hours a day or six days a week and from regularly lifting more than 25



LEAFLETING



ARREST



STREET-CORNER SPEECH

*Rules for hardhats and longhairs alike.*

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### LAZARD FRÈRES & CO.

lbs. The women also charge that company policy makes them the last hired and first fired. Taking their side last week, the U.S. Justice Department filed its first suit demanding an end to such job discrimination.

The Ohio law resembles those enacted by many states at the turn of the century to protect the "weaker" sex from harsh working conditions. Now a growing band of lawyers argue that if the laws are used to bar women who want such work, the result is precisely the kind of discrimination forbidden by Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Although the ban on sex discrimination was added to that law as a wry joke by Southern Congressmen opposing civil rights for blacks, complaints involving women now make up nearly one-quarter of those brought to the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

**No Conciliation.** The Libbey-Owens-Ford case was started by Mrs. Nancy Raitz, 35, a former \$2.50-an-hour assembler. Last year she and 32 other female employees complained to the EEOC. The company argued that it was merely obeying the state law. When the commission's conciliation attempts failed, it recommended that the Justice Department bring a full-scale court test.

The suit charges Libbey-Owens-Ford and the United Glass and Ceramic Workers of North America and its Local 9 with barring women workers at some of the company's Toledo plants. Women who get hired in other plants, the suit charges, are restricted to "less desirable and lower-paying jobs," and "subjected to a high frequency of layoff."

**Self-Reliance.** In deciding the case, the U.S. district court in Toledo could hold that the federal statute overrules the state law. But it could also take up the question of whether "female-protective" laws violate the 14th Amendment's guarantee of equal protection to "any person" or its insistence on due process for all. For years, lower courts have upheld separate treatment for women, often citing a 1908 Supreme Court decision that approved different standards for the sexes because of differences "in structure of body, amount of physical strength [and] in self-reliance." In a new case to be heard next fall, however, the court may accept the feminist idea that distinctions based on sexual stereotypes are no more valid than the racial ones that once justified segregation.

Emerging standards for women's rights are likely to leave some jobs in which employers can insist on sex as a bona fide occupational qualification. Though telephone companies have been obliged to hire male operators and bars to take on female bartenders, the EEOC has ruled that actresses can still monopolize female roles—and presumably, jobs as topless dancers. Eventually, says University of New Mexico Law Professor Leo Kanowitz, the courts may have to decide such issues as whether, if women have equal rights, they also have equal liability to be drafted.



## MILESTONES

**Died.** Phillip J. Lucier, 49, president of Continental Telephone Corp., a one-time electronics salesman who founded the firm in 1961, built it into the third biggest independent telephone utility with 1.5 million outlets in 42 states, Canada and five Caribbean countries, assets of \$1 billion; when a bomb exploded in his car as he started back to the office after lunch; in suburban St. Louis.

**Died.** Jim G. Lucas, 56, renowned war correspondent for Scripps-Howard newspapers; of abdominal cancer; in Washington, D.C. Why always a war? someone once asked Lucas, and he replied: "It is one of the few circumstances in life I have found where the majority of people I deal with are selfless." Untiringly he accompanied servicemen through eight World War II Pacific landings, 26 months in Korea, 18 months with the French in Indochina, and then Viet Nam. Though he was known for his terse, highly personal accounts, his most memorable piece was a 1954 off-the-record interview with Douglas MacArthur, printed in 1964 after the general's death, in which MacArthur bitterly outlined his rejected plan for winning the Korean War with nuclear bombs and Nationalist Chinese troops.

**Died.** Iain Macleod, 56, Britain's recently appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer (see THE WORLD).

**Died.** Barry Wood, 61, radio crooner on the 1940s *Hit Parade* who turned to TV producing; of a heart attack; in Miami Beach. Wood's credits range from the *Kate Smith Show* to the *Bell Telephone Hour*, but he is best remembered for NBC's *Wide, Wide World*, which from 1955 to 1958 celebrated the wonders of the continent from the Grand Canyon to the Florida Keys.

**Died.** Ilse Stanley, 64, German actress and heroine for her rescues of Jews from Hitler's concentration camps; of carcinomatosis; in Boston. Daughter of a Berlin rabbi, she was forced from the stage by the Nazis in 1933; for the next six years, until her own escape from Germany, played a role in the underground: armed with forged papers, she entered the Gestapo's death camps on 62 occasions and drove off with 412 inmates marked for extermination.

**Died.** Panayotis Pipinelis, 71, Foreign Minister of Greece, one of the few professional politicians to serve the ruling military junta; of a heart attack; in Athens. A longtime supporter of King Constantine, Pipinelis nevertheless stayed on to assist the inexperienced colonels in their efforts to avert war with Turkey over Cyprus in 1967. Fellow royalists regarded him as a traitor, but he persisted in his attempts to moderate the oppressive regime.

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DIOR'S LANGUOR



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RICCI'S RUSSIAN PRINCESS

## MODERN LIVING

### Punch, Oui; Power, Non

The salons were just as crowded, the mannequins as crisp and undernourished, the designers every bit as giddy and harassed as usual. The French fall fashion collections last week attacked the same urgent questions (whither hemlines? whether bosoms?), but the answers were not expected to come out of Paris alone. The punch is there still, but not the power.

In the 1960s, there were few major U.S. department stores that did not depend for inspiration and line-for-line copies upon Paris *haute couture*. The knock-off Chanel suits and ersatz Givenchys were prized along with \$1,000 originals and snapped up even faster. But the sudden flurry of boutiques, many of them stocked with French ready-to-wear as well as with newly inventive American-made designs, has put high style within easy access and a sensible price range. The youth rebellion crashed the old-guard fashion stockades by putting it all together (often out of trunks and thrift-shop remnants) with wit and drama.

**Anna and Bonnie.** Style, it developed, did not have to filter down to the streets; it might just as easily, and did, start there. The hue and cry for custom clothes, at full pitch only five years ago, has become a whisper in the stores. Says Bonwit Teller President William Fine: "The line-for-line derby is not consistent with the changing times and mood of the consumer." Saks Fifth Avenue, Macy's and Alexander's have dropped their import copies. Lord & Taylor plans to continue its reproductions in different fabrics. But the only Manhattan department store still actually duplicating the Paris collections this season is Ohrbach's, and skeptics doubt that it will hold the line-for-line much longer.

Nonetheless, the new designs them-

selves were intriguing. One after another, the French designers displayed collections calculated to capture, if not the same bulk of orders from U.S. buyers, at least the fancy of women everywhere. Men might not be so enraptured; hems left not a hint of calf exposed, let alone knee. But the overall look was exotic and eclectic, a mixture of Garbo's Anna Karenina and Clyde's Bonnie, the aura of a Russian princess and the threat of a tommy gun.

**Giant Steps.** Pierre Cardin was positively torn. Half of his presentation looked to the future, featuring skintight pants outfits with hoods and cutouts of circles, rectangles and even pear shapes slashed into long skirts. The other half turned on the past, with tight little jackets and dresses Susan B. Anthony would have been the first to vote for. Showstoppers: a series of sweeping Byronic capes and a black-sequined evening gown that undulates like a Japanese lantern in a gentle wind.

Chanel modified the shape of her suits with a bolero or cutoff blazer jacket, cropped and V-necked. Nina Ricci's Gerard Pipart kept his daytime clothes straight and simple, took a giant step to Russia with evening wear that featured fur Cossack hats, officers' coats, boyar pants (Russian-style knickers) and gypsy dresses. Louis Feraud concentrated less on shape than on fabrics. Guy Laroche seconded Pipart's Russian notions, and then some: to a background of music, slides, and Tartar dancing, his models turned out in tunics and knickers, babushkas and cummerbunds, capes rimmed with fur and embroidered with flowers.

Courrèges concentrated on pointed hoods and capes in crinkly vinyl for day, satin-lined velvet for night, cut-out minitunics over pants and slinky skirts, and a gaggle of see-through blouses. Givenchy shaped his long dresses with meticulous pin-tucked pleats,

and emphatically ratified the romantic look with a black velvet pantsuit rounded at the hips and ruffled in black taffeta.

Even Emanuel Ungaro, famed for his superhard edges, turned his virtuoso hand to fluid fabrics, softly sashed dresses and loosely pleated skirts. His best look: a long dress in a pin-wheel print, belted, bloused and all at once both elegant and sensuous. Dior's Marc Bohan is every bit as enraptured with the languorous look. Bohan softened his necklines with bows and scarves; and his hiplines had a series of stitched pleats that flattened first, then flared out. Deep colors glow like Tiffany stained glass; fabrics are light, jerseys, crepes and silk velvets. And again and again, capes—hooded in suede, lined in fur, long, loose, swinging.

**Long and Longer.** But, as so often in the past, it was Yves St. Laurent whose literally dreamy collection drew the week's top applause. Soft voiles, crepes and chiffons fitted tightly over the bosom, fluttered into pleats at the hips; gently fitted shirt-coats unbuttoned to reveal sinewy sheaths; appliques, borrowed from Matisse collages, formed butterflies on blousy knickers, birds in flight on a blue suede coat. The St. Laurent way for evening: sheer silk chemises, re-embroidered with tiny seed beads or baby sequins, delicate as veils and every bit as enticing.

The surge of optimistic innovation showed that Paris, like a declining dictator, was the last to get the word of its own ebbing strength. "This year," predicted Robert Ricci, "is the year of the big change. Last year was bad for business because women hesitated to buy. There had been no decision. This year will be much better." The decision, of course, was to strike the mini-midi-maxi declension from the fashion texts. Now, as far as Paris is concerned, there are to be only two kinds of hemlines: long and longer. Perhaps. But women busy liberating themselves from so many other ukases may not go along meekly on this one.

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But we've found a way to make aluminum work for us. Our engine block is a unique alloy of aluminum and silicon that can be easily die-cast and it doesn't need the iron sleeves. Incidentally, "hypereutectic" refers to the melting point of the alloy. But let's not quibble over words.

## Other delights.

Basically, we have a 2300-cubic-centimeter (140-cubic-inch) overhead-cam four-cylinder engine.

You'll be able to order this same engine with a 2-barrel carburetor and 20 extra horsepower.

Since the engine is relatively large for such a little car, it'll give you real good acceleration. Which is good to have when you want to move onto a fast-moving freeway, for example.

And as you know, the engine being relatively large allows it to turn slower at cruising speeds. And turning slower, it won't suffer as much wear and tear as a high-winding engine. (Turning slower also contributes to the amazing quietness of the Vega.)

## Other delights, continued.

The Vega engine was designed to burn unleaded fuel. And because of its small bore (3.501 inches) and long stroke (3.625 inches) in combination with other things—like open-design combustion chambers—the pollutants in the exhaust are significantly reduced.

The overhead cam means one third fewer parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

And about that economy we mentioned earlier. In testing, Vega has been getting mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of them—and that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Overall, the Vega engine is something of a breakthrough.

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A billion dollar corporation thanks you  
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You know who you are.

We only wish we could shake hands with every last one of you.

It was only a few months ago that we, the people of American National Insurance, came to you with our problem.

We were a 65-year-old life insurance company. Big. Solid. Reliable. There was only one fly in the ointment. A Gallup poll showed that less than one out of every ten Americans had ever heard of us.

Upsetting, to put it mildly.

So we decided to ask you to help us in a little name-dropping campaign.

We tried (in as modest a fashion as possible) to give you some facts about American National.

That out of 1800 life insurance companies in the country, we're in the top 20.

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And that in 414 cities across the U. S. you could find an American National Insurance office without hardly trying.

Well, we must say you people outdid yourselves. One of our salesmen in Los Angeles swore he heard us mentioned at least twice in his local supermarket.

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And one of our agents in Florida called to tell us he gets 38% fewer puzzled looks when he presents his business card.

It's been that way all the way down the line. All we can say is thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Keep up the good work.



**AMERICAN NATIONAL INSURANCE**

**We just want people to know  
who we are.**





WOMEN ON A PARK BENCH IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

AL. SATTERWHITE—CAMERA 5

## The Old in the Country of the Young

EDWARD ALBEE once wrote a play about a middle-aged couple who, before putting Grandma permanently in the sandbox with a toy shovel, gave her a nice place to live under the stove, with an Army blanket and her very own dish. The play contains more truth than allegory. One of the poignant trends of U.S. life is the gradual devaluation of older people, along with their spectacular growth in numbers. Twenty million Americans are 65 or over. They have also increased proportionately, from 2.5% of the nation's population in 1850 to 10% today.

While the subculture of youth has been examined, psychoanalyzed, photographed, deplored and envied, few have wanted even to admit the existence of a subculture of the aged, with its implications of segregation and alienation. Strangely enough, the aged have a lot in common with youth: they are largely unemployed, introspective and often depressed; their bodies and psyches are in the process of change, and they are heavy users of drugs. If they want to marry, their families tend to disapprove. Both groups are obsessed with time. Youth, though, figures its passage from birth; the aged calculate backward from their death day. They sometimes shorten the wait: the suicide rate among elderly men is far higher than that of any other age group.

The two subcultures seldom intersect, for the young largely ignore the old or treat them with what Novelist Saul Bellow calls "a kind of totalitarian cruelty, like Hitler's attitude toward Jews." It is as though the aged were an alien race to which the young will never belong. Indeed, there is a distinct discrimination

against the old that has been called ageism. In its simplest form, says Psychiatrist Robert Butler of Washington, D.C., ageism is just "not wanting to have all these ugly old people around." Butler believes that in 25 or 30 years, ageism will be a problem equal to racism.

*We have time to grow old—the air is full of our cries.*

—Samuel Beckett

It is not just cruelty and indifference that cause ageism and underscore the obsolescence of the old. It is also the nature of modern Western culture. In some societies, explains Anthropologist Margaret Mead, "the past of the adults is the future of each new generation," and therefore is taught and respected. Thus, primitive families stay together and cherish their elders. But in the modern U.S., family units are small, the generations live apart, and social changes are so rapid that to learn about the past is considered irrelevant. In this situation, new in history, says Miss Mead, the aged are "a strangely isolated generation," the carriers of a dying culture. Ironically, millions of these shunted-aside old people are remarkably able: medicine has kept them young at the same time that technology has made them obsolete.

Many are glad to end their working days. For people with money, good health, careful plans and lively interests, retirement can be a welcome time to do the things they always dreamed of doing. But for too many others, the harvest of "the golden years" is neglect, isolation, anomie and despair. One of every four Americans 65 or over lives at or below "the poverty line." Some of these

5,000,000 old people were poor to begin with, but most are bewildered and bitter *nouveaux pauvres*, their savings and fixed incomes devoured by spiraling property taxes and other forms of inflation. More than 2,000,000 of them subsist on Social Security alone.

Job discrimination against the aged, and increasingly against the middle-aged, is already a fact of U.S. life. While nearly 40% of the long-term unemployed are over 45, only 10% of federal retraining programs are devoted to men of that age. It is often difficult for older people to get bank loans, home mortgages or automobile insurance. When the car of a 68-year-old Brooklyn grocer was stolen last winter, he was unable to rent a substitute. Though his driving record was faultless and he needed a car for work, he was told falsely by two companies that to rent him one was "against the law."

*Youth is everywhere in place  
Age, like woman, requires fit  
surroundings.*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Treated like outsiders, the aged have increasingly clustered together for mutual support or simply to enjoy themselves. A now familiar but still amazing phenomenon has sprung up in the past decade: dozens of good-sized new towns that exclude people under 65. Built on cheap, outlying land, such communities offer two-bedroom houses starting at \$18,000, plus a refuge from urban violence, the black problem (and in fact blacks), as well as generational pressures. "I'm glad to see my children come and I'm glad to see the back of their heads," is a commonly expressed

sentiment. Says Dr. James Birren of the University of Southern California: "The older you get the more you want to live with people like yourself. You want, to put it bluntly, to die with your own."

Most important, friendships are easy to make. One relative newcomer to Laguna Hills Leisure World, Calif., received more than 200 get-well cards from her new neighbors when she went to a hospital in Los Angeles. There is an emphasis on good times: dancing, shuffleboard, outings on oversized tricycles and bowling (the Keen Agers v. the Hits and Mrs.). Clubs abound, including Bell Ringing, Stitch and Knit, Lapidary and "tepees" of the International Order of Old Bastards. The I.O.O.B. motto: "Anything for fun." There is, in a sense, a chance for a new start. "It doesn't matter what you used to be; all that counts is what you do here," said a resident of Sun City, Ariz.

To some residents the communities seem too homogeneous and confining. A 74-year-old Californian found that life was flavorless at his retirement village; he was just waiting for "the little black wagon." Having begun to paint seascapes and landscapes at 68, he moved near an artists' colony, where he now sells his landscapes and lives happily with a lady friend of 77.

*In silent synods, they play chess  
or cribbage . . .*

—W.H. Auden

In fact, less than 1% of the elderly leave their own states. The highest proportion of the aged outside Florida is in Arkansas, Iowa, Maine, Missouri, Nebraska and South Dakota—on farms and in communities from which youth has fled. In small towns, the able elderly turn abandoned buildings into "senior centers" for cards, pool, slide shows, lectures and pie socials. In Hebron, N. Dak. (pop. 1,137), grandmothers use

the balcony of the former J.C. Penney store for their quilting. But there is little socializing among the rural aged, who often subsist on pittances of \$60 a month, and become even more isolated as public buses disappear from the highways, cutting off their lifelines to clinics, stores and friends.

A third of the nation's aged live in the deteriorating cores of the big cities. On Manhattan's Upper West Side, thousands of penniless widows in dingy single-room-occupancy hotels bar their doors against the alcoholics and dope addicts with whom they share the bathroom, the padlocked refrigerator and the telephone down the hall. "Nine out of ten around here, there's something wrong with them," says a 72-year-old ex-housekeeper living on welfare in a hotel on West 94th Street. "I get disgusted and just sleep every afternoon. Everybody dying around you makes you kind of nervous." Terrified of muggings and speeding cars, the disabled and disoriented do not leave their blocks for years on end, tipping anyone they can find to get groceries for them when their welfare checks arrive.

Close to a million old people live in nursing homes or convalescent facilities provided by Medicare. A new growth industry, nursing homes now provide more

put my mother," he said. "But I don't think I could afford either one on my \$42,500 congressional salary." Pryor is trying to set up a congressional committee to investigate long-term care for the aged.

*How terrible strange*

*To be seventy.*

—Simon and Garfunkel

Almost everyone hates to think about aging. Doctors and social scientists are no exception. "They think one shouldn't look at it too closely, as though it were the head of Medusa," says one anthropologist. But the acute problems and swelling ranks of the American aged have lately stimulated a number of new behavioral studies that are more scientific than any ever done before. They show, among other things, that people age at very different speeds and that many changes formerly attributed to age are actually caused by other factors. The cliché that a man is as old as his arteries, for example, has been found to be misleading. It is probably more accurate to say that a man is as sick as his arteries, and that such sickness is caused by diet and stress rather than by age.

The ability of elderly people to memorize and recall new information has

ARTHUR SHAY



COUPLE IN A KANSAS CITY NURSING HOME



RURAL INDIGENT AGED

beds than hospitals. They are badly needed. But in many of the "homes," the food and care are atrocious. Patients have even been confined to their beds merely because bed care entitles the owners to \$2 or \$3 more a day. Mrs. Ruby Elliott, 74, recalls her year in a California nursing home with fear and bitterness: "It's pitiful, but people are just out for the money. That whole time I was among the living dead."

Fewer than half of the country's 25,000 nursing homes actually offer skilled nursing. Arkansas Congressman David Pryor recently visited twelve nursing homes near Washington, D.C. "I found two where I would be willing to

been exhaustively tested at the Duke University Center for the Study of Aging and Human Development. They can do it, but they need more time than younger people. Their responses are apparently slowed down by anxiety; an older person's goal is less to achieve success than to avoid failure. Changes in the blood of elderly pupils showed that they were undergoing the physiological equivalent of anxiety without being aware of it. Drugs that changed this physiological happening helped them, and their performances improved. Dr. Carl Eisdorfer, who conducted the experiments, suggests that what initially slowed down his subjects was not so

much their age as their attitude toward their age.

Old people may be ridiculed when they try to act young, but according to San Francisco Psychologist Frances Carp, it is better to fight age than to accept it. In America today, "acceptance of old age holds out few if any rewards," she says. Those who surrender often become debilitated by a devastating "elderly mystique"—and victims of self-fulfilling prophecies. For example, doctors at the University of Illinois studied 900 old people living at home and found many so sick that they could

I'm sick and you should respect me and take care of me.' It is clear from our studies that if the older hypochondriac's environment changes for the better, he will too. He will again become a reasonable, normal person. This is quite different from the reaction of the younger hypochondriac, who is much sicker psychologically and much less likely to respond to a favorable change in environment."

Recent studies bear out Sex Researchers Masters and Johnson's findings that men who enjoyed sex earlier in life can, if all else goes well, continue to



THE LADIES' DANCE CLASS AT SUN CITY, ARIZ.

not walk to the door. They had lived for months without medical attention because they felt that they were old and therefore were supposed to be sick.

Actually, the overwhelming majority of the aged can fend very well for themselves. Only 5% of aged Americans live in institutions; perhaps another 5% remain bedridden at home. True, four out of five older people have a chronic condition. "But chronic diseases must be redefined," says Duke's Dr. Eisdorfer. "I've seen too many depressed people leaving their doctor's office saying, 'My God, I've got an incurable disease.' Chronic illness gets confused with fatal illness. Life itself is fatal, of course, but as far as most chronic illnesses go, we simply don't know what they do to advance death. The role of the doctor has to change. Now that infectious diseases are on their way out, the doctor must stop thinking about cures and start teaching people how to live with what they have."

New findings show that hypochondria, or "high body concern," one of the most common neuroses of the elderly, can often be cured. According to Dr. Ewald Busse, director of the Duke study center, if a man's family "keeps criticizing him unjustly, makes him feel uncomfortable, unwanted, he may retreat into an imaginary illness as a way of saying, 'Don't make things harder for me.

enjoy it. Questionnaires over a ten-year period at Duke showed that the same men's interest in sex changed little from age 67 to 77, although there was a slight drop in activity. Result: a gradual widening in what the researchers coolly call the "interest-activity gap." A much lower proportion of women continued to be interested in sex after 67, but they managed to keep their interest-activity graph lines close together. "It depends on the individual," an elderly San Franciscan points out. "All ages have sexy people."

*People expect old men to die,  
They . . . look  
At them with eyes that wonder when.  
—Ogden Nash*

A common and unfortunate diagnosis of many aged people is that they are senile, a catchword for a number of conditions. There may be organic brain damage—for example, the brain may run short of oxygen because of impaired blood flow. But many of the "senile" actually have psychological problems. One 70-year-old retired financier, who insisted on calling his successor at the company all the time and had all sorts of paranoid suspicions, was diagnosed as having organic brain disease. A combination of psychotherapy and a new job as treasurer of a charitable organization helped the man to re-



OCTOGENARIAN FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL

cover completely. Other "senile" patients actually suffer from malnutrition, or have simply broken down out of loneliness, perhaps caused by a temporary overload. As one old man put it: "There is no one still alive who can call me John." Explains Harvard Psychoanalyst Martin Berezin: "The one thing which neither grows old nor diminishes is the need for love and affection. These drives, these wishes never change."

Actually, senile traits are not peculiar to the aged. A group of college students and a group of the elderly were recently rated according to the characteristics of senility, and the students were found to be the more neurotic, negative, dissatisfied, socially inept and unrealistic. The students, in sum, were more senile than their elders. Other studies have shown that the percentage of psychiatric impairment of old persons is no greater than that for younger groups.

But younger people are usually treated if their psychological problems are severe. Says New York Psychologist Muriel Oberleder: "If we encounter unusual nervousness, irritability, depression, unaccountable anger, personality change, apathy or withdrawal in a young person, we make sure that he is seen by a physician. But when those symptoms appear in elderly people, they are considered par for the course of old age. We rarely consider the possibility that elderly people who have had a breakdown can recover." Dr. Berezin successfully treated a 70-year-old woman who had a severe breakdown, her first. She had been picked up for drinking, setting fire to her home and other bizarre behavior, including chalking off a section of the sidewalk and claiming it as her own. In therapy, she revealed that she had yearned all her life for marriage and children. Eventually, she mastered her grief and regrets, settled down and began to enjoy the people around her.

Psychotherapy has never been easily available to the aged. Since it demands

so much time and effort, it is considered better to expend it on those who have a long life ahead. There is also the still-powerful influence of Freud. If one's behavior is believed to be programmed in the first years of life, one cannot hope to change that program substantially during old age. (Freud, who contributed to age-ism, was also its victim. At 81, discussing "the many free hours with which my dwindling analytical practice has presented me," he added: "It is understandable that patients don't surge toward an analyst of such an unreliable age.")

*... I reach my center,  
my algebra and my key,  
my mirror.*

*Soon I shall know who I am.*

—Jorge Luis Borges

Most psychologists have simply ignored the process of aging. Says Harvard's Erik Erikson: "It is astonishing to behold how (until quite recently and with a few notable exceptions) Western psychology has avoided looking at the whole of life. As our world image is a one-way street to never-ending progress, interrupted only by small and big catastrophes, our lives are to be one-way streets to success—and sudden oblivion." But lately Erikson and other psychiatrists have become interested in all stages of man's development, and the "aging" that goes on at every stage.

One practitioner of "life-cycle psychiatry," Washington's 43-year-old Dr. Butler, believes that the possibilities for psychic change may be greater in old age than at any other period of life. "Little attention has been paid to the wish to change identity, to preserve and exercise the sense of possibility and incompleteness against a sense of closure and completeness." When a person's identity is maintained throughout old age, "I find it an ominous sign rather than the other way around. If the term needs to be used at all, I suggest that a continuing, life-long identity crisis is a sign of good health."

Though many believe that age accentuates personality characteristics, Dr. Butler notes that "certain personality features mellow or entirely disappear. Others prove insulating and protective, although they might formerly have been impairing, such as a schizoid disposition." Some doctors suggest that neuroses and some psychoses burn themselves out with age, and note that the rate of mental disorders declines after the age of 70.

Carl Jung, who lived with great vigor until the age of 85, saw aging as a process of continuous inward development ("individuation"), with important psychic changes occurring right up to the time of death. "Anyone who fails to go along with life remains suspended, stiff and rigid in mid-air," Jung wrote. "That is why so many people get wooden in old age; they look back and cling to the past with a secret fear of death in their hearts. From the middle of life onward, only he

## The Prospects for Living Even Longer

THE biology of aging is no better understood today than was the circulation of the blood before William Harvey. "We probably age because we run out of evolutionary program," according to Dr. Alexander Comfort, director of the Medical Research Council Group on Aging at University College, London. "In this we resemble a space probe that has been 'designed' by selection to pass Mars, but that has no further built-in instructions once it has done so, and no components specifically produced to last longer than that. It will travel on, but the failure rate in its guidance and control mechanisms will steadily increase—and this failure of homeostasis, or self-righting, is exactly what we see in the aging organism."

Until recently, Dr. Comfort doubted that these built-in instructions could soon

aging occurs because certain giant molecules in human cells eventually get bound together. These immobile aggregations clog the cells, reduce their efficiency and eventually cause them to die. In Wisconsin, Dr. Johan Björkstén is trying to find suitable enzymes, most likely from soil bacteria, that will reduce these massed molecules to small fragments that could be excreted from the cells. Such enzymes would probably be injected daily into the body with a hypodermic syringe; if the injections were begun early enough, the result might increase a man's life-span by 30 years.

The "free radical" theory of aging, if proved correct, would probably lead to a simpler method of rejuvenation. Free radicals are fragments of molecules with a high electrical charge—which by their oxidizing properties can cause changes in the body such as hardening of the arteries. An antioxidant, which can be produced cheaply and taken in pills, is supposed to deactivate the free radicals, thereby retarding the aging process. One such antioxidant, BHT, has already dramatically increased the life-span of mice by 50%.



DR. ALEXANDER COMFORT

be altered, or the components made to last longer. Because of advances in genetics and molecular biology, however, he now believes that some method to reduce the rate of aging and to extend vigorous life by at least 15 years will be discovered within the next two decades. This extension would be in addition to the roughly five-to-seven-year increase in average life expectancy that will take place when medicine conquers cancer and vascular diseases.

More than 20 different highly speculative theories of aging are now being tested in scientific laboratories round the world. The method or methods by which the human life-span will be extended depend on which of these theories turns out to be correct. Some of them have to do with genetic engineering—attempts to alter the program of the cell by changing the coding on the DNA molecule. But nongenetic theories will probably pay off sooner. One current favorite holds that

Even today the population over 75 in the U.S. is increasing at two and a half times the rate of the general population. If the average life-span is significantly further increased, the population would indeed become aged, a trend which would be accelerated by a drop in the birth rate. As to vigor, when the breakthrough comes in aging research, people in their 70s and 80s should have the energy of those in their 50s and 60s today. Ideally this would produce a greater number of selfless, highly educated wisemen who could undertake complex new projects for the benefit of mankind. But few believe that it would work this way. Most observers suggest that increased longevity would only magnify today's ambiguities and uncertainties in defining the role of the elderly.

Would vigorous octogenarians keep the reins of politics, business and family finances, frustrating the powerless younger generations? Or would they be pushed out of power and wander around, bitter and disgruntled, unable even to talk the same language as their juniors, like Swift's awful immortals, the struldbrugs? Would conflict between generations supersede hostility between classes and races? How could insurance and pension plans continue payments for decades longer? Will aging control become as vital an issue as birth control? In short, the changes resulting from a drastic extension of the life-span, or even from a series of life-extending bonuses, may eventually exceed those brought about by splitting the atom or man's voyages to the moon.





CHAIRMAKER IN NORTH CAROLINA

remains vitally alive who is ready to die with life, for in the secret hour of life's midday the parabola is reversed, death is born. We grant goal and purpose to the ascent of life, why not to the descent?" Erik Erikson agrees: "Any span of the cycle lived without vigorous meaning, at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end, endangers the sense of life and the meaning of death in all whose life stages are intertwined."

*Better to go down dignified  
With boughten friendship at your side  
Than none at all. Provide, provide!*  
—Robert Frost

The problems of the aged are not their concern alone. Since reaching the age of 70 or 80 is becoming the norm rather than the exception, more and more of the middle-aged—even when they retire—have elderly parents and other relatives to care for. For the "command generation" there are two generation gaps, and the decisions to be made about their parents are often more difficult than those concerning their children. Various community agencies sometimes help, and in Manhattan a private referral service is kept busy helping distraught people find the right place for parents who can no longer live at home. One 81-year-old woman was persuaded to go to a nursing home when her daughter, with whom she had always lived, married late in life. To her own surprise, she is happier than she was before, taking great pride in reading to and helping her older roommate. A difficult decision of the middle-aged is how to allot their resources between children and parents and still provide for their own years of retirement, which may well extend for two decades.

The next generation of the aged may be healthier, certainly better educated and perhaps more politically aware. Those over 65 are now a rather silent minority, but in number they are almost exactly equal to the nation's blacks. Since none are below voting age, the aged con-

trol a high percentage of the vote—15%. More and more are banding together. The American Association of Retired Persons, for example, helps its nearly 2,000,000 members get automobile insurance, cheaper drugs and cut-rate travel. A more politically oriented group, the 2,500,000-member National Council of Senior Citizens, played a major role in pushing through Medicare. Now the group is lobbying to improve Medicare, which helps the sick but does not provide checkups, by including some sort of Preventicare.

Aside from health, money is the most pervasive worry of the aged; income maintenance is a major need. Private pension plans need attention too. According to one informed estimate, only 10% of the people who work under pension plans actually receive any benefits, usually because they do not stay long enough to qualify. As presently arranged, pensions also tend to lock older workers into their jobs and, if they become unemployed, to lock them out. They are then denied jobs because it is too expensive to let them join a pension plan.

*Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer  
world.*

—Tennyson

Will able 70-year-olds have more opportunities to work in the future? Probably not. Instead of raising the age of mandatory retirement, business and labor may lower it, perhaps to 50 or below—making workers eligible even earlier for social insecurity. Aside from those fortunate few in the professions—law, medicine, dentistry, architecture—most of the people over 65 who are still at work today are farmers, craftsmen and self-employed tradesmen, all categories whose numbers are shrinking. Of course, people cannot work hard forever. Each man ages according to his own clock, but at long last he is likely to lose much of his strength, his drive and adaptability. Witness the gerontocracy that slows down Congress and the businesses that have failed because of rigid leadership. But there are still many areas where the aged can serve and should, for aside from humane consideration, they can provide skill and wisdom that otherwise would be wasted.

New plans to recruit, train and deploy older workers to provide much needed help in hospitals, special schools and elsewhere will be discussed at the White House Conference on Aging scheduled for November 1971. Meanwhile, a few small-scale programs point the way. One is Operation Green Thumb, which hires retired farmers for landscaping and gardening. Another is the International Executive Service Corps, which arranges for retired executives to lend their management skills to developing countries. Hastings College of Law in San Francisco is staffed by law professors who have retired from other schools. A federally financed program called Foster Grandparents pays 4,000

low-income "grandparents" to care for 8,000 underprivileged youngsters. Although they have numbered only in the hundreds, most elderly volunteers in Vista and the Peace Corps have been great assets. "We know about out-houses and can remember when there weren't any refrigerators," says Nora Hodges, 71, who spent two years in Tunisia and is now associate Peace Corps director in the Ivory Coast. "People in underdeveloped countries rate age very highly. When we meet with this appreciative attitude, we outdo ourselves."

*Begin the preparation for your death  
And from the fortieth winter by that  
thought  
Test every work of intellect or faith.*  
—W.B. Yeats

Life would be richer, students of aging agree, if a wider repertory of activities were encouraged throughout life. Almost everyone now marches together in a sort of lockstep. They spend years in school, years at work and years in retirement. Youth might well work more, the middle-aged play more, and the older person go back to school. Former HEW Secretary John Gardner wants to see "mid-career clinics to which men and women can go to re-examine the goals of their working lives and consider changes of direction. I would like to see people visit such clinics with as little self-consciousness as they visit their dentist." As Psychiatrist Robert Butler puts it: "Perhaps the greatest danger in life is being frozen into a role that limits one's self-expression and development. We need Middle Starts and Late Starts as well as Head Starts."

To get a late start does not necessarily require a federal program. Many

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an enterprising individual has done it on his own. Mrs. Florida Scott-Maxwell, who at the age of 50 began training to become a psychotherapist, recently wrote down her reflections about aging in *The Measure of My Days*. "My seventies were interesting and fairly serene," she noted, "but my eighties are passionate. I am so disturbed by the outer world, and by human quality in general, that I want to put things right as though I still owed a debt to life. I must calm down."

*Old age should burn and  
rave at close of day.*

—Dylan Thomas

How socially involved older people should be is a question in hot dispute among students of aging. Some believe in the "theory of disengagement," which holds that aging is accompanied by an inner process that makes the loosening of social ties a natural process, and a desirable one. Others disagree. Says Harvard Sociologist Chad Gordon: "Disengagement theory is a rationale for the fact that old people haven't a damn thing to do and nothing to do it with."

After analyzing lengthy interviews with 600 aged San Franciscans, Anthropologist Margaret Clark found that engagement with life, rather than disengagement, contributed most to their psychological well-being. But not when that engagement included acquisitiveness, aggressiveness or a drive to achievement, super-competence and control. To cling to these stereotypical traits of the successful American seems to invite trouble, even geriatric psychiatry. The healthiest and happiest of the aged people in the survey were interested in conserving and enjoying rather than acquiring and exploiting, in concern for others rather than control of others, in "just being" rather than doing. They embraced, Dr. Clark points out, many of the values of today's saner hippies. Similarly, religion often teaches the aged, in spite of their physical diminishment, to accept each day as a gift.

The ranker injustices of age-ism can be alleviated by governmental action and familial concern, but the basic problem can be solved only by a fundamental and unlikely reordering of the values of society. Social obsolescence will probably be the chronic condition of the aged, like the other deficits and disabilities they learn to live with. But even in a society that has no role for them, aging individuals can try to carve out their own various niches. The noblest role, of course, is an affirmative one—quite simply to demonstrate how to live and how to die. If the aged have any responsibility, it is to show the next generation how to face the ultimate concerns. As Octogenarian Scott-Maxwell puts it: "Age is an intense and varied experience, almost beyond our capacity at times, but something to be carried high. If it is a long defeat, it is also a victory, meaningful for the initiates of time, if not for those who have come less far."

## Should TIME be aged before reading?

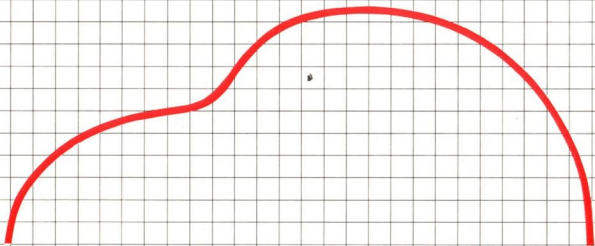
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## ART

### By Appointment Only

When Mary Tapié de Célestan, the Comtesse Attems, was hard up for cash to repair the family's Château du Bosc and wished to sell ten family portraits by her famous uncle, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, she did not offer them to the public at an auction house or a public art gallery. Instead, through an intermediary, she got in touch with Private Dealer Charles Slatkin in New York, who bought all ten and eventually sold them to one of the U.S.'s shrewdest collectors. Not untypically in this secretive trade, the collector insists on remaining anonymous.

In using a private dealer to handle the sale, the Comtesse Attems followed

on Saturday afternoons. Few people even know they exist.

**Richer by Degas.** On East 76th Street, just a block from Collectors Edgar and Bernice Garbisch, is the six-story town house of Austrian-born Sam Salz, at 76 the dean of New York's private dealers. At the moment Salz is in Europe on a scouting and buying trip, a journey he makes two or three times each year. But during the season, the visitor who rings the plain, unmarked bell is let in by a deferential porter in livery and escorted past a larger than life-sized Maillol nude in terracotta and a 14th century A.D. wooden Chinese deity to Salz's reception room on the second floor.

The visitor is, of course, expected. If a collector, he has probably been invited to see a particular piece that Salz feels is right for him. Or if he is a newcomer, he has probably been referred by one of Salz's regular clients. The silence is intense, almost oppressive—the kind of well-draped, deep-carpeted quiet that in New York costs a great deal of money, and the visitor has time to look around at Salz's private collection: Chinese bronzes in cases throughout the house, a large, handsome view of St. Tropez by Signac, busts by Despiau and Zadkine. Then Salz himself appears, a small man with penetrating eyes and a mild, humorous manner.

What happens after that is known only to the dealer and his client. But many a famous collector has left Salz's town house poorer by tens of thousands of dollars but richer by a prime Degas, Vuillard, Corot or Monet. As a young man in Paris in the early years of this century, Salz was a painter himself. "Not a great painter like these," he says, waving a hand toward the Seignozacs, Vlamincks and Van Dongens that line his walls. "But I was a friend of all the 20th century artists." The works of these friends were assembled by him for Actor Edward G. Robinson's justly celebrated collection. He proudly shows visitors black and white photographs of the Cézanne *Paysage de Provence* he sold to Robert Lehman, the Renoir bought by David Rockefeller, the Monet that went to Paul Mellon, the Bonnard, Redon and Cézanne he sold to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Not all private dealers are as well housed as Salz. Newcomer Ben Heller, 44, a textile tycoon and a well-known collector in his own right, makes do with a nine-room co-op apartment on

Manhattan's Central Park West. Heller is also a friend of artists. He was an early patron of Pollock, Newman, and Kline, has sold many of the paintings thus acquired to Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art—keeping a few favorites for himself. Today he buys mostly primitive, classical and Oriental objects. "I buy as a collector, basically because it is beautiful, and I hope that someone else will love it, and maybe I can make a profit."

Between Salz's Old World grace and Heller's breezy New York style, the range of dealers is wide. One New York firm, Rosenberg and Stiebel, which numbers Oilman Paul Getty and CBS Chairman William Paley among its customers, traces itself back for more than 100 years to an antique dealer in Frankfurt. Its rising generation includes American-born and -educated Gerald Stiebel, 25, great-grandson of the founder. Rosenberg and Stiebel handle million-dollar sales with casual aplomb. The Metropolitan bought the Merode altarpiece for the Cloisters through them ("Probably our most important sale," says Father Eric Stiebel). Paul Magriel builds entire collections in some special area (Art Nouveau furniture, American still lifes), then calls in other dealers to dispose of them as a package.

Frederick Mont sells mostly European old masters mostly to U.S. museums; he was chosen as sole agent by the Prince of Liechtenstein for the sale of masterpieces from his collection. Mathias Komor, 61, comes from a family that has dealt in Chinese antiquities for 100 years. "A private dealer used to be terribly old or terribly rich, but now there are more young people in the field," says Robert Osborne, 40, whose main interest is early Italian paintings.

**Judge and Sleuth.** No matter what their age or background, private dealers still have to find works to sell. Much of their sleuthing is done on regular trips to Europe, and, increasingly, by transatlantic telephone and color photography. "If you are a known buyer," says one, "things come to you"—as the ten Lautrecs came to Slatkin.

Finding pictures is only half the job. Equally challenging is evaluating and appraising them, which can take nerves of steel and the judgment of Solomon (or Berenson). "One of the most important pictures I ever handled was a late Rembrandt, *A Praying Apostle*," says Eugene V. Thaw, 42, who deals in European masters, both classic and modern, out of his ten-room Park Avenue apartment. "The painting was signed and dated, and I knew it was a Rembrandt, but something about it bothered me. Experts thought it was one of the artist's less important works, but I thought it needed cleaning. Even Germany's Doerner Institute labs, which do most of the cleaning for the big European museums, advised me not to touch it for fear of ruining a million-dollar painting. But I decided to take the chance, and sure enough, it was covered with a 50-

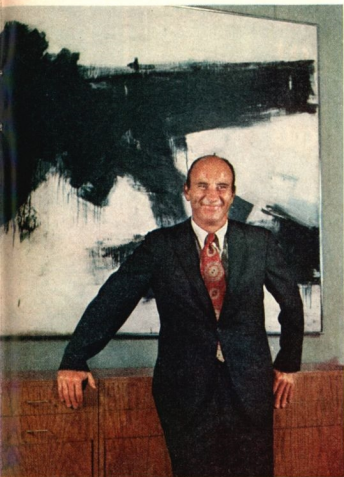


PRIVATE DEALERS GERALD & ERIC STIEBEL  
Tact, cunning and nerves of steel.

the lead of many another titled owner who wished to dispose of ancestral holdings without the unseemly fuss of a public exhibition. The progress of her drawings through Slatkin's hands to their eventual resting place was typical of a private dealer's transactions. "We are the matchmakers of the art world," says Dealer Harold Diamond, who is himself so discreet that he refuses to disclose the names of any of his customers or sources. They are the middlemen who arrange the transfer of precious works of art from sellers (usually European) to buyers (usually American) with the tact of a diplomat and the cunning of a spy. They shun publicity, they do not have public openings or exhibitions, they most definitely do not open their doors to the hordes of art-loving housewives who trek up and down Manhattan from 57th Street to the upper reaches of Madison Avenue "doing the galleries"



## The Matchmakers



"I've been a museum trustee, critic, collector—everything but an artist," says Private Dealer Ben Heller. He calls the untitled Kline behind him *Diagonals*.

"The gallery owner is a promoter, whereas the private dealer is a specialist and a scholar," says Eugene Thaw. Beside him is Picasso's 1939 *Woman on Couch - Dora Maar*.



Signac's *St. Tropez* and two bronzes by Despiau flank Sam Salz in a hallway of his East Side town house. The cabinet displays part of his collection of antique Oriental sculpture.





Michael Hall sits back to back with an early 18th century Venetian marble. "I'm not just a dealer; I try to encourage scholarship," says Hall.

Jane Wade learned 20th century paintings under the tutelage of the late Curt Valentin. Behind her is Bonnard's *Woman Undressing Herself*.



Jackie Kennedy Onassis comes "to sit in the middle of the floor and look all around" at Charles Slatkin's modern tapestries. Here Slatkin stands by Andy Warhol's *Flowers*.

The mural behind Harold Diamond was painted to order by Allan d'Arcangelo on the sliding doors of a storage closet. "I'm a compulsive buyer," says Diamond. "I love to be surrounded by paintings."



"The diversity here appeals to people," says Harold Reed. The red sculpture is William King's *In Love*. Robert Natkin's *Chicago* hangs on the wall.



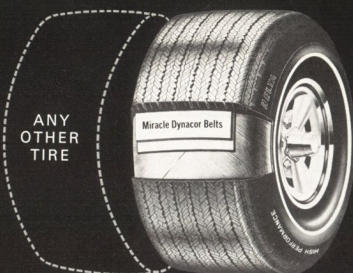
year-old brown tone applied for Prince Harrach of Vienna to make it look older. That was the fashion in those days. When I had it removed, the painting came alive. You could see the artist's brush strokes and even hairs from his brush. The Cleveland Museum had turned it down before. But when they saw it cleaned, they bought it."

**Knowing More.** This kind of scholarship and expertise is essential to a private dealer's success. "About nine years ago I was walking down Portobello Road in London when I saw a Venetian bronze in a stall," said Michael Hall, 44, a specialist in Renaissance sculpture. "I recognized it as an important piece and I bought it for a few pounds, but afterward I felt guilty because the dealer wasn't too well off and didn't know what he had. I can't tell you who the sculptor was just now, but last year I sold the piece to a private collector, and next year it will be in a very important museum with the rest of his collection. Later I went back to the dealer in Portobello and dropped £30 in his hand and told him to get his teeth fixed. He wasn't at all grateful; in fact, he resented my having known more than he did."

Jane Wade, one of the pioneer American-born private dealers, started out as a secretary to the late Curt Valentin, one of New York's most successful public dealers. "Do you paint?" asked Valentin when he interviewed her. "No." "Then you're hired." She soon was much more than a secretary, working with Valentin's artists—Calder, Lipchitz, Moore, Arp—on their shows. She became vice president of Marlborough-Gerson Gallery before going into business for herself. In judging the value of a painting or sculpture, she never seeks other opinions, relies exclusively on her own years of experience. "You just know," she says, "or you're not in the business."

**Fine Line.** The line between private dealers and public galleries is sometimes a fine one. In addition to selling drawings out of his Park Avenue apartment, Charles Slatkin sells tapestries in what he calls "a gallery," though it is nine floors up in an Upper East Side apartment building, and no sauntering art lover would be likely to find it without an invitation. Harold Reed, 33, goes farther. "He started with an artmobile," said one shocked colleague, "and advertises in the Sunday New York Times." Nevertheless, Reed's handsomely decorated East Side town house is open to customers by appointment only. Its four stories are jammed from basement to attic with works of mostly modern American art, and everything except the furniture is for sale in a relaxed atmosphere. In the elegant clutter of Reed's sunny house, it is easier for a prospective buyer to imagine how a painting or sculpture will look in his own home. As matchmakers, private dealers in effect aim to bring two strangers together. That homey atmosphere makes things easier on both sides.

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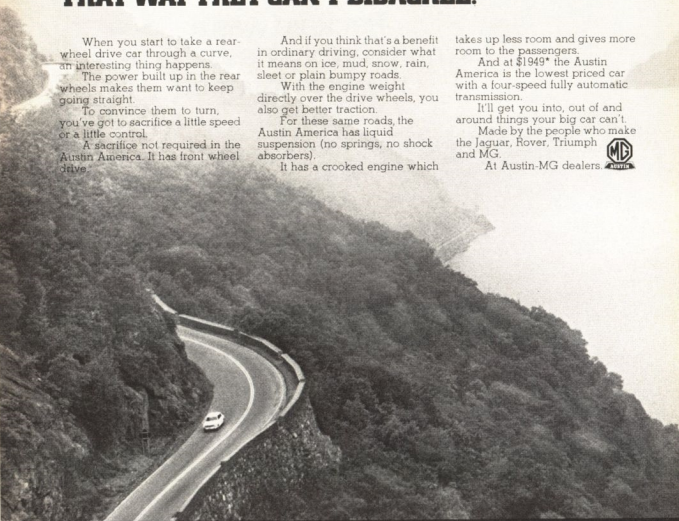
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## BUSINESS

### The Economy: Trying to Speed Up a Recovery

WE are really at a watershed of economic policy now," President Nixon told an impromptu news conference last week. His words signaled a spreading conviction in Washington that the Government has at last cooled the economy enough so that the rate of inflation is being reduced. Now there is much sentiment in the Administration for shifting policy to concentrate on reviving business enough to keep unemployment within reasonable bounds. That feeling is widely shared by private economists and by Government pol-

he thinks, will be an almost invisible 0.4%, but for 1971 he predicts 3½%.

► *Unemployment will also rise.* No one can yet foresee a business expansion vigorous enough to provide employment for all the new job seekers. They include growing numbers of youngsters reaching working age, women who think that their place is not only in the home, and servicemen returning from Viet Nam. Though they speak for different schools of economics, TIME Board of Economists Members Walter Heller and Beryl Sprinkel join in predicting a rise

it excessively while there is still some danger of renewed inflation.

**Wage Worries.** Burns is not alone in worrying about the possibility of more inflation. The budget deficit for fiscal 1970, and probably fiscal 1971, will be bigger than the President predicted. Reasons: a shortfall in Government revenues because of the decline in business profits, and the tendency of Congress to legislate more spending than Nixon wants. Raymond Saulnier, former head of the Council of Economic Advisers, fears that an "explosion" of labor



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KENNEDY

icymakers who testified last week before the congressional Joint Economic Committee. They generally agreed that: ► *Inflation is slowing.* M.I.T. Economist Paul Samuelson thinks that the peak of inflation was passed in the first quarter. The consumer price index in June rose at a seasonally adjusted rate of 4.8%, down from 6% in May. Economists, like housewives, are far from satisfied with that improvement. Still, the June movement looked like a trend, because it followed an earlier deceleration in wholesale price indexes. Wholesale meat prices, for example, began to drop in April, and last month beef and pork prices fell at the supermarket counter. Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, testified that he expects food prices to decline in coming months.

► *Production will soon turn up.* Nixon told his news conference that the business downturn "has bottomed out." Most economists agree. They expect real gross national product to begin rising again in this year's second half, but the rise will be very slow. IBM Vice President David Grove, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, expects the real G.N.P. to go up at an annual rate of 3% in the fourth quarter. Growth for all 1970,

*The victory is likely to be less than total.*

in the jobless rate from 4.7% in June to 5½% or 6% by late 1970.

Many economists argue that, in order to promote an expansion strong enough to keep unemployment down, the Federal Reserve Board should increase the nation's money supply more rapidly. The Federal Reserve has been raising the money supply at an annual rate of 4.2% in the first half of 1970. Nixon Administration officials would like a money growth of about 6% yearly and are campaigning to persuade the Fed to see things their way. At four different points in his congressional testimony last week, McCracken pressed for a faster increase in money supply. Earlier, Treasury Secretary David Kennedy had made a similar plea.

The advocates of easier money have not yet got through to Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns. Republican Burns, echoing John F. Kennedy, pledged last week that "we will do our level best to get the country moving again." But his level best, he indicated, will be to hold to the 4% rate—at least for now. "Recent growth is just about right," Burns said. He aims to achieve a balance between restraining the economy too much and stimulating

costs will set off another round of inflation. First-year pay and benefit gains in major union contracts signed during this year's opening six months averaged a staggering 14.6%.

Other forecasters feel that the concern about wage raises is overdone. Labor Secretary James Hodgson points out that total pay received by non-Government workers recently has been rising only 7.2% a year, and major union contracts negotiated this year cover only a small minority of the U.S. labor force. Economists are also cheered by renewed growth in workers' output per man-hour, which tends to restrain the costs of production. After almost two years of little or no gain, productivity rose in the second quarter at an annual rate estimated by McCracken to be 3%.

**Minuses and Pluses.** The generally optimistic forecasts could be thrown off course by several factors. An auto strike, which seems likely to begin in mid-September, could seriously delay an upturn in national production. Business spending for new plant and equipment is slowing, partly because U.S. industries operated their existing plants at less than 78% of capacity in the second quarter. Reductions in defense spending will

continue to hurt some industries, notably aerospace.

At the same time, several favorable forces are at work. Housing, an early victim of the downturn, is expected to lead the recovery. The annual rate of housing starts rose to 1,358,000 in June, from 1,059,000 at the low point in January. There is an enormous pent-up demand for new housing, and financing it is likely to become easier as credit markets loosen along with the growth in money supply. Mortgage interest rates are beginning to ease.

Consumer spending is another potential bright spot. Social security increases, federal pay raises and elimination of the income-tax surcharge have so far this year put an extra \$16 billion into consumers' pockets—an average of \$317 per family. Consumers have been saving much of the money; their savings rate hit an unusually high 73% of personal income in the second quarter. Businessmen have strong hopes that they will soon start spending it, although recent surveys show that Americans are not in an enthusiastic buying mood because they are troubled about the general state of business. Marcor President Edward Donnell says that his customers have been steadily paying off charge-account debts. He believes that as consumers free themselves of debt, they will become increasingly optimistic and ready to spend more liberally.

The "Stretched Recession." Given this balance of forces, some economists argue most loudly not over what is likely to happen but over how happy the nation should feel about it. Many cannot cheer a prospect of slow gains in production and rising unemployment. Harvard's Otto Eckstein, another member of TIME's Board of Economists, has coined the term "stretched recession" to describe the prospect. His point is that the gap between actual and potential output over the three-year period of 1969 through 1971 is likely to be as great as it would have been if the nation had gone through the classic cycle of sharp recession followed by pronounced rebound.

Yet Administration policymakers view the prospect as victory—at least—for their economic game plan. If the general forecast is right, they will achieve their aims of curbing inflation and avoiding a full-scale recession, though the slowing down in prices will take much longer and the rise in unemployment will be higher than they had reckoned. The victory is also likely to be less than total. The Administration's goal once was to force price increases down to 2% a year; now some officials seem ready to settle for 3%.

The President has special reason to be pleased. By 1972, if his advisers are correct, inflation will be under control, national output will again be growing at about its optimum rate of 4½% yearly, and unemployment will be down. That would create an auspicious climate for Nixon's re-election campaign.

## AEROSPACE Planes for Rough Weather

Since it took to the skies in January, Boeing's 747 has had the multibillion-dollar superjet market all to itself. Last week in California, two hungry competitors served notice that Jumbo's period of splendid isolation is coming to an end.

Lockheed showed off its first giant L-1011 "airbus," which gleamed under the hangar lights like a winged dolphin. While company officials sat proudly by, Governor Ronald Reagan called the new plane "one of the most sophisticated commercial jetliners ever produced." Several days later, in a neat bit of one-upmanship, McDonnell Douglas brought in Vice President Spiro Agnew to speak at the roll-out of its new Airbus, the DC-10. Large enough to accommodate 270 passengers, the new planes are intended to displace the 747 on many medium-range hauls.

Both planes have three jet engines, are approximately 175 feet long and 19 feet wide inside the cabin; the 747 is 231 feet long and 20 feet wide. The first airbuses, which fly at up to 600 m.p.h., can operate profitably on routes from 250 to 1,500 miles. The 747 usually hauls up to 392 passengers at 590 m.p.h. and has a range of 6,500 miles. McDonnell Douglas already has orders for a stretched-out Airbus that will have a range of 6,100 miles, enough to hop the Atlantic.

The Pentagon's Perigee. The new jets will go into operation late next year, and the airlines have orders or options for 387 of them worth an estimated \$6 billion. Though the plane-makers will need many more orders to break even, what they have now is like food after a fast. The aerospace industry has been jolted by cutbacks in military and space projects. Demands are rising in and out of Congress that even

more Government spending be switched away from military projects to civilian needs like housing and pollution control. Aerospace sales for this year are expected to be about \$28 billion, down from a peak \$30 billion in 1968.

The Government has lately helped the industry by passing out several new contracts. But most were relatively small awards for preliminary research on projects that will take years to become rich money makers—if they ever do. Boeing, for example, was selected this month to begin work on the Airborne Warning and Control System. Though the project could be worth \$2 billion by 1976, the initial payment was a meager \$16.5 million.

The aerospace industry, which is the nation's largest manufacturing employer, is laying off thousands of skilled workers each month. In the twelve months ending this September, an estimated 168,000 aerospace workers will have lost their jobs, and employment in the industry will drop to 1,177,000. Many of the toolmakers, designers and other workers have been out of jobs for months. Employers in other fields are often afraid that aerospace workers, who are conditioned to working under cost-plus contracts with guaranteed profits, could not adjust to tightly budgeted production schedules. Other employers believe that aerospace veterans are interested only in temporary jobs, waiting to jump back to the plane-and-space plants at the first opportunity.

Disheartening Dole. The slump is grimly reflected in the communities surrounding aerospace plants. Seattle's unemployment problem is one of the worst in the nation. Boeing has reduced its payroll from 101,000 to 56,000 in two years. There are now 70,000 people on Seattle's welfare rolls, and 24,000 families are drawing food stamps. "We have not been hit this bad since the Depression," says Minor H. Baker, econ-



GUESTS INSPECT McDONNELL DOUGLAS DC-10

An end to Jumbo's

TIME, AUGUST 3, 1970



omist for the Seattle-First National Bank.

The situation is somewhat better around North American Rockwell's aerospace plants in the Los Angeles area. Some 11,000 employees have been laid off since January, but the company was recently awarded a potentially rich contract for the B-1 strategic bomber and is planning to rehire up to 5,000 workers. St. Louis-based McDonnell Douglas has done well by maintaining a hefty backlog of orders, mainly for Phantom fighter-bombers. The work force is 104,000, down only 3,000 since the end of last year.

**Too Much for Too Little.** The company in the worst financial bind is Lockheed, the nation's biggest defense contractor. Lockheed's work force in Georgia and Southern California has been hacked by 10,500, and another 3,000 are expected to go by 1971. "Thousands of Ph.D.s are flooding the employment market," says Kaye Kiddoo, Lockheed's chief of manpower. "They all look shell-shocked." Though the company hopes to recoup through the L-1011 and other projects, the start-up costs for the Airbus have aggravated its financial plight. Lockheed is negotiating with the Government and 24 banks for a desperately needed financing package of \$430 million. If that does not materialize, Lockheed might have to merge or face the threat of bankruptcy.

The trouble with the aerospace industry is that too many companies are competing for too little business and not doing enough to diversify. The well-paying jobs of its skilled workers ride precariously on the erratic ebb and flow of Government orders. For many workers, dislocation has become a way of life. Despite President Nixon's talk of switching the nation to a peacetime economy, the Government keeps some aerospace plants going by passing out marginal contracts instead of offering the

industry guidance and inducements to spread into other fields. Senator Edward Kennedy plans to introduce a bill that would provide \$450 million in subsidies for small defense contractors to convert more of their resources for use in civilian markets. It would be a modest but promising start.

## CONSUMERISM

### Breakfast of Chumps?

In their ads and on their packages, cereal makers often picture pole vaulters or home-run hitters in order to imply that the child who breakfasts on the product will start the day bursting with vitamins and minerals. The implication is unwarranted, an expert testified last week. Robert B. Choate Jr., a former consultant on hunger to the Nixon Administration, told a Senate subcommittee that 40 out of 60 name-brand cereals "fatten but do little to prevent malnutrition."

Choate showed a chart ranking cereals according to the quantities of nine different vitamins, minerals and protein they contain. In a scale of 900, only three products rated as high as 700. The three: Kellogg's Product 19 and General Mills' Kaboom and Total. Two-thirds of the cereals ranked below 100. Among them were the five bestsellers: Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies and Sugar Frosted Flakes, and General Mills' Cheerios and Wheaties ("Breakfast of Champions"). Nabisco's Shredded Wheat ranked last.

Cereal makers replied that Choate had made some unspecified "technical errors," failed to take into account the milk with which most cereals are eaten and neglected to compare the nutritional values of cereals with other breakfast foods. Choate made a different comparison. The lowest ranking 40 cereals, he said, offer "empty calories—a term thus far applied to alcohol and sugar."

## WALL STREET

### The Success of Salomon

Despite the recent upturn in the stock market, Wall Street these days is hardly the avenue of joy. Most firms are still reducing payrolls, closing branches and trying to sublet excess space. One notable exception is Salomon Bros., the nation's biggest bond-trading house and fourth largest underwriter of securities. Salomon Bros.' broad-ranging business has been better than ever, and the firm has outgrown its quarters. Last week it moved into new, highly computerized walnut-and-glass offices that are more than double the size of those it occupied for almost half a century.

The new office is a marvel of electronic gadgetry. On its two-story-high, 100-ft.-long trading floor, 186 men specialize in just about everything that moves in large dollar amounts—corporate stocks and bonds, Government securities, tax-exempts, commercial paper, bankers' acceptances. The illuminated, electronic quote board, largest in the world (90 ft. by 6½ ft.), shows the prices of 195 key issues. William R. (Billy) Salomon, 56, a founder's son who is now the managing partner, sits behind a desk at one end of the noisy trading floor. The buttons on his phone light up and he answers himself—often to call a quick meeting with partners on the floor to decide whether the firm will commit millions on a deal. Says one partner: "Billy never second-guesses any of us."

**Delicate Positions.** Salomon Bros. began as a bond trading house in 1910 and later diversified into other activities. Last year it traded some \$135 billion worth of bonds—an average of \$530 million every working day. The bear market caused many pension funds and trust departments to dump bonds, but Salomon was able to find enough mutual funds, other banks and individuals to buy them up.

Salomon Bros.' most spectacular specialty is "positioning," the delicate art of arranging the sale and purchase of exceptionally large blocks of stock. In such a transaction, Salomon usually buys a block of stock from one or more institutions—mutual funds, pension funds, banks or insurance companies—and sells it to another institution or group of them. With \$65 million in capital and great borrowing power, Salomon can buy almost any block of stock offered.

**The Biggest Block.** One morning last week Goodyear Tire & Rubber reported a marked decline in earnings. About noon, Salomon Bros. handled the sale and purchase of 1,184,300 shares of Goodyear—the largest block ever traded on the Big Board. Jay H. Perry, 35, the partner in charge of block trading, first got a call from a big Goodyear holder, who wanted to sell. The seller was eager to get out quickly as usual, but refused to accept less than the going market price. Perry made a deal to pick up



LOCKHEED L-1011 AT PLANT DEDICATION

splendid isolation.

the stock, and further decided to buy all the other shares of Goodyear that he could find on the market. Reason: he wanted to be sure that the price would not be knocked down by some other big seller.

Then Perry started phoning around to find buyers, but got commitments for only 20% of the stock. As a result, Salomon Bros. itself briefly had to hold onto 80% of the shares, tying up \$23.5 million of its own capital. If the Goodyear shares tumbled just one point, Salomon Bros. stood to lose about \$1,000,000. But with all the available shares off the market, the price steadied and, within an hour, the Salomon traders were able to sell the entire position at a profit. In addition, the firm collected

SEN REED—CANADA 5

1,184,300 SHARES OF GOODYEAR  
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Salomon Bros.' individual traders, like Perry, have been known to commit as much as \$150 million on a single Government bond deal, and it takes a certain kind of stomach and nervous system to withstand the pressure. According to Billy Salomon, the best traders are intuitive odds-makers and could be just as proficient at gambling if that were their calling. Many of them, including Salomon and twelve other general partners, never went to college.

The rewards for risk-taking can be great. Last year Salomon Bros. partners got about a 30% return on their invested capital and had six-figure incomes. And in May, at the bottom of the bear market, all 900 employees collected a 60th-anniversary bonus of two weeks' salary.

## A Kingdom Besieged

**B**USINESSMEN have always admired the entrepreneur who has a grand, imperial design. But 1970 is turning out to be the twilight of empires that were built hastily on ideas, optimism and debt. Last week John M. King, 43, joined the ranks of those whose achievements and future have been cast into shadow by a combination of tight money and public skepticism.

From his base in Denver, King in the past decade has built a complex of companies that explore for and exploit a wide variety of natural resources. Among them are oil and natural gas in the U.S., Canada and elsewhere, diamonds in South Africa, copper in Peru and ilmenite in Australia. Now King's realm is besieged. Stock in his King Resources Co. has collapsed from a high of \$34 last year to \$4.87 bid last week. Corporate officials concede that they are short of cash and having a hard time paying bills. Creditors have been pushing to collect some of the \$23 million in loans that are coming due this year. Ordinarily, such a short-term debt would be easily managed by a company that lists assets of \$177 million and had revenues of \$118 million last year. A series of events has clouded King Resources in rumor, however, and called into question its whole way of doing business.

**Flying High.** Part of the problem is that John King has become rich quickly in a complicated, volatile business—and has the image of an archetypal wheeler-dealer. He wears flashy, monogrammed boots and shirts and owns 3,000 pairs of gold cuff links. He uses a fleet of airplanes as other men use taxis, and collects friends and acquaintances in high places. A space buff, he has put two former astronauts, Walter Schirra and Frank Borman, in top positions in his companies. King is a lover of the West; he owns an ostentatious ranch outside Denver, which he leases to King Resources for \$120,000 a year as "recreational facilities."

The mainstay of his fortunes is King Resources, which searches for natural resources. It also produces some oil, gas and minerals but usually prefers to profit by dealing in leases and selling to other companies shares in the reserves that it finds. King and his family own about 16% of King Resources. They also own 92% of a second company, Colorado Corp., which sells to the public shares in highly speculative oil and gas wildcating and in somewhat less risky development ventures. From these and some other businesses, Colorado earned \$16 million on revenues of \$54 million last year: sales of its public shares in oil ventures have substantially declined lately because of the economic recession and the rumors about King. The two companies have such a close relationship that some critics charge that King Resources gets too much of its in-

come from a captive client. Last year King Resources collected almost a quarter of its revenues by selling oil and gas leases, drilling services and geological work to Colorado Corp.

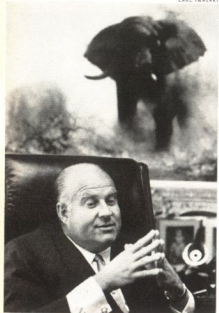
**Crisis over Cornfeld.** Oddly, it was King Resources' attempt to lessen its reliance on Colorado Corp. that brought on the present crisis of cash and confidence. King found a rich new client: Bernard Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services. Last year 35% of King Resources' revenues came from selling shares in ventures to I.O.S. and its Fund of Funds. When I.O.S. tumbled into deep trouble in May, John King jetted to Geneva in a highly publicized—and unsuccessful—bid to take control. Bankers then saw how heavily King Resources depended on Cornfeld's I.O.S. for funds; some wondered aloud who was trying to rescue whom. John King realizes that after his Geneva trip the investing public put him in much the same category as Cornfeld. "It drew my authenticity into question," King told TIME Correspondent Roger Beardwood last week. "But I still think I was right to move as I did."

Investors and creditors are now doing what most failed to do before. They are reading the fine print and numerous footnotes in the official reports and prospectuses of King's companies. Some accountants cast doubt on King Resources' computation of assets. Unlike virtually all major oil and mining companies, King Resources uses the "full cost" method of accounting for exploration and development in North America. Instead of being shown as an expense, the cost of such work is listed as an asset under "oil and gas resources held for production." Even dry holes show up as an asset; the total cost of exploration and development is then amortized from revenues. If the normal method of showing these costs as an expense had been used, last year's \$25.5 million net profit would have been substantially reduced—if not turned into a loss.

King Resources has also been criticized widely for its valuation of some oil and gas leases in the Canadian Arctic. Over the past two years, the company and Fund of Funds jointly bought 22.4 million acres of leases there. They paid \$1 an acre. Last year, after a 10% interest was sold for just over \$14 an acre, the owners raised the book valuation of the whole property to \$8 an acre.

John King is banking on a big oil find in the Canadian Arctic. He is not alone. The Canadian government is a partner in leases next to those of King Resources; a French company is drilling, and a major U.S. company is negotiating for leases. Natural gas has been found already, and King's geologists are among many who say that other signs are promising. But nobody has yet drilled an oil well. Even

CARL FORBES



JOHN KING IN DENVER OFFICE  
Needed: a trunk full of cash.

if King Resources does find oil, there will be formidable barriers between it and the market. The region is icebound for five months a year, and King's men estimate that up to \$500 million would be needed for pipelines and other equipment. Because Canadian oil is subject to U.S. import quotas, it would have to compete with other foreign crude, which is normally offered on the East Coast for under \$2 a barrel, v. up to \$3.40 for U.S. crude.

**Political Repercussions.** King's reputation has been hurt by a political scandal. In April and May, King Resources got loans totaling \$8,000,000 from the state of Ohio. The loans run for two years, but the state auditor ruled recently that they were illegal because the maximum term under Ohio law is 270 days. Ohio officials have asked King Resources and other companies that borrowed long-term funds to repay the loans. The scandal arises because the loans were arranged for King Resources by a financial consulting firm whose members contributed handsomely to the political campaigns of a state senator and of the state treasurer who granted the loans. Both are Republicans; so is John King. He contributed \$250,000 to Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign, and was the President's representative with the rank of ambassador to Japan's Expo '70. King denies that he had anything to do with arranging the loans; but some critics charge that political influence was used to get them.

Throughout the myriad crises, King continues to exude confidence. "I have no doubts—absolutely none—that we shall surmount our temporary problems," he says. King has been flying the financial circuit, trying to calm creditors and ease the cash crunch. Last

week there were unconfirmed reports that some banks would tide King over with fresh financing. Clearly, King is determined not to reign over the liquidation of an empire. The next few weeks will show whether his determination, persuasiveness and agility will be enough to cure the short-term ailments and give King Resources time to achieve what it desperately needs: a period of consolidation rather than hectic growth.

## GERMANY

### Krupp Rises Again

Like Germany itself, the Krupp industrial machine, which has eagerly supplied the arms for military adventures since the days of Bismarck, rose stronger than ever from the ashes of both World Wars. Then, three years ago, a policy of borrowing short and lending long brought the mighty family empire to the brink of insolvency. In return for government guarantees of bank credit, Alfred Krupp, heir to the Krupp power and fortune, grudgingly agreed to relinquish his one-man rule. A public foundation headed by leading government and business officials was established to administer the family stock. Alfred, the last of his line, died soon after.

Now the concern has again rebounded from disaster. Company officers have just reported that after five losing years Krupp showed a profit of \$12 million in 1969. The firm's vast range of products—among many other things, it makes tanks and false teeth, grows orchids and owns supermarkets—yielded sales last year of \$1.6 billion, compared with \$1.4 billion in 1968. The financial woes have been substantially eased. Short-term debt has been reduced by roughly \$100 million, to a manageable \$30 million.

**American Lessons.** One sign of the bankers' new faith in Krupp is that last month Hermann Abs, West Germany's most powerful private banker, stepped down as chairman of the supervisory board, which was established to keep an eye on management during the switch away from family control. Abs' successor is Berthold Beitz, 56, a gregarious supersalesman who had been Krupp's general manager for 14 years. Since Beitz was the prime mover behind Krupp's disastrous financial policy, the promotion represented something of a comeback.

Yet Beitz is unlikely to regain direct management control from the man who is largely responsible for Krupp's resurgence: Chief Executive Guntar Vogelsang, 50. Vogelsang (his name means "bird song" in German), who comes from a family of Rhineland managers, is an icily efficient financial specialist with the sturdy build and wavy hair of an idealized halfback. He learned much of his management technique in two lengthy tours of the U.S., during which he visited IBM, National Cash Register, Bethlehem Steel, Republic Steel and other firms. A publicity-shy man with

few outside interests, he regularly puts in a 70-hour, six-day work week. For this he earns close to \$200,000 a year.

**Out of the Hole.** At Krupp, Vogelsang has shown what can be accomplished when an outsider slips into a family firm and snips the ties that bind it to traditions. Taking charge in 1968, he quickly changed the paternalistic policy of never laying off a "Kruppianer" and never closing down a branch. He reduced the number of divisions from 23 to 14, pared the work force from 90,400 to 79,500, and sold off holdings in low-yield properties, including a hotel and department store in Essen, the Krupps' soot-filled home city. The Krupp truck plant, which lost \$7,500,000 in its last year of operation, was closed. Coal production, long a loser, was reduced—and the last wholly-owned Krupp mine was sold off last year.

Iron and steel still provide a third of Krupp's business, but Vogelsang intends to cut back on mass production of heavy steel and concentrate on the more profitable market for specialty metals. He also plans to move Krupp into electronics, aircraft and reactor technology. As for armaments, company officials contend that they are willing to make only "defensive weapons," which by their definition includes tanks. A \$42.5 million modernization program is nearing completion at Krupp's money-losing shipbuilding subsidiary, A.G. Weser. It will concentrate on container ships and tankers of up to 350,000 tons, and Vogelsang is confident that Weser's difficulties are over. "In 1970," he says, "we expect a profit in all sectors." Coming from Vogelsang, the prediction has the finality of a readout from a well-programmed computer.

J. W. BACHINGER



GUNTER VOGELSANG  
Snipping the ties that bind.

## CINEMA

### Prairie Free-for-All

The Duke still rides tall. Trouble is that he doesn't ride often. John Wayne's advancing years (he is 63) are keeping him pretty much out of the thick of things these days. Instead of mixing it up with marauders or running rustlers out of town, the Duke can more often be seen back at the ranch trying to square some domestic difficulty or right a faulty romance. His glorious gun battle with Lucky Ned Pepper's boys in *True Grit* looks threateningly like a last blast, a melancholy six-gun *Götterdämmerung*.

Wayne's new movie, *Chisum*, casts him in the still uncomfortable role of *paterfamilias*, an aging, worldly-wise ranch owner who spends a good bit of time looking down from a mountain surveying his nearby spread. It is sometimes difficult from that vantage to determine what he has more of—acres or subplots. His niece Sallie (Pamela McMyler)—his brother's girl, daughter of the woman the Duke himself loved and lost—has come to stay. She has been seeing a good deal of that young trail hand from over at the Tunstall place, boy name of Billy Bonney (Geoffrey Deuel). Billy's rival of legend, a one-time buffalo hunter who calls himself Pat Garrett (Glenn Corbett), turns up one night, and that just sets things to steaming. Add an itchy killer for hire (Chris George), a sidewinder (Richard Jaeckel) bent on gunning Billy, and a bunch of cutthroats in the pay of a rich man (Forrest Tucker) looking to own the whole territory—well then, you got yourself a fair-sized prairie free-for-all.

Just when it appears as though this brawl is about to get out of hand, the Duke comes on and settles it all down. After a few furious fistfights, some rip-snorting, glass-shattering shoot-ups and a thunderous cattle stampede, things slip quietly back to normal. "Well," says one character, "everybody knows there's no law west of the Pecos and no God west of Dodge." The Duke smiles, and rides off to the top of that mountain again. There he sits and remembers, perhaps back to the days of the great John Ford westerns when a man could get himself shot for coming up with a line like that.

■ Jay Cocks

### Meshugge

It is virtually impossible to translate a short story into a quality film. A good short story captures a brief glimpse of the human condition, turns on a fleeting moment of confrontation or revelation; a movie derived from such a microcosm is usually afflicted with a bad case of inflation. Take *The Swimmer*, John Cheever's mythic pool odyssey. One of the finest short stories in



MOSTEL & BELAFONTE IN "ANGEL"

a generation, it was magnified into one of the worst movies.

Similar misfortune has befallen *The Angel Levine*, Bernard Malamud's pithy and whimsical parable of an elderly Jewish tailor and his war with God. In the film Zero Mostel portrays Mishkin, a decrepit, latter-day Job on whom God has visited terrible plagues. His Manhattan shop has burned to the ground while insufficiently insured. His wife Fanny (Ida Kaminska) is on her death bed and driving him *meshugge* (crazy) with petty demands. His back is killing him and—ah, cruel Jehovah!—his only daughter has married an Italian. His faith is moribund, and to revive it an unlikely angel descends from above. He is a newly dead Jewish Negro named Alexander Levine (Harry Belafonte) who says a lot of hip, dirty words that Mishkin does not understand, but who also pleads with the old tailor: "Man, I'm an angel, and you'd better believe it, 'cause I'm the only one you're ever gonna get."

The early scenes contain some wildly funny dialogue—most of which has been taken directly from Malamud's story. Mostel is especially entertaining doing the tailor-on-the-roof routine that is his forte. But even Zero's comic genius cannot carry the lugubrious sermonizing about black-Jewish relationships and the mawkish comedy that goes with it. In a reverse insult, Levine calls Mishkin "nigger," to which Mishkin replies, "This is the way a Jewish angel talks?"

Another distressing note is a persistent background wail that is apparently music supposed to heighten the film's dramatic impact. Instead, the sound evokes visions of some poor soul being tortured in the Tower of London by Vincent Price. The film's ultimate effect, as Mishkin would say, is enough to drive an audience *meshugge*.

■ Mark Goodman

## THE THEATER

### Arigato!

The young have raised a banner above all other flags. Those who mistrust the young think of it as the Jolly Roger, an ensign under which all sorts of piratical and subversive acts of deprecation may be committed. Those who esteem the young see their symbolic banner as an emblem revitalizing a tired phrase and an undying hope: the brotherhood of man. If the phrase means anything, it must mean that man's vision should extend to the horizon of his being and not be blinkered by some arbitrary national line squiggled on a map. This is the shaping theme of an attractive and exuberant free-form musical from Japan currently playing off-Broadway.

Called *Golden Bat*, the show has eye

SCENE FROM





appeal, heart appeal and sense appeal. Its basic credo is far from unfamiliar. The staged ideas of the young have become almost a tarnished currency since the night *Hair* opened. Stop the war in Viet Nam. Be mighty free in speech. Struggle for your own identity. Strip to the buff and make love. It is the way the *Golden Bat* company illuminates this standard apolitical platform that makes all the difference. In this show the nude love scene is erotic, but the lovers are more tellingly naked in their tenderness.

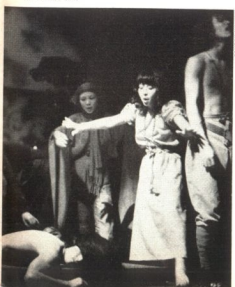
**Distilled Beauty.** In another scene, a bird of a girl whirls about the stage, writhes in the anguish of birth throes and then spits out the words "I hate my mother." In that moment we relearn something touching and powerful about the desperate need of the young to define themselves and to cut the anchor chains of family if they are to make voyages of their own. The show is replete with instances of insight.

This would count for little if *Golden Bat* were not persistently entertaining and deftly professional. The company, all aged 25 or under, was formed two years ago as an underground theater group calling itself The Tokyo Kid Brothers, and is now designated as the La Mama Tokyo troupe. English is slightly favored over Japanese as the language of the evening, but each tongue is like a quick-change costume donned for the humor of it. Some of the speech-solo numbers could stand cutting. However, one of these speech solos, delivered with exquisite intensity by Shoichi Saito, contains the distilled beauty and pain of love as a man simply tells how he cared greatly for a girl, left her, and then wrote her a letter.

The show's many dance numbers are mesmeric revels. The cast is totally winning, and so are the demon drummer and his galvanizing group up behind the scrim. In midsummer New York, *Golden Bat* is a surprising tonic for which one can only say *arigato*.

■ T. E. Kalem

"GOLDEN BAT"



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July 17, 1970

## BOOKS

### Rubber-Hatchet Job

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S EXPENSE ACCOUNT by General George Washington and Marvin Kitman, Pfc. (ret.). 285 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

"Like most American schoolboys," says Marvin Kitman, "I had heard the story of how George Washington offered to serve his country during the Revolutionary War without salary. In one of the most stirring speeches in the annals of patriotism, he explained after his election as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army in June 1775 that all he asked of his new country was that it pick up his expenses."

What the teacher failed to add was that such patriotism can be profitable. The proof is to be found in an obscure document called "Accounts, G. Washington with the United States, Commencing June 1775, and ending June 1783, Comprehending a Space of 8 Years." It was published in 1833 by the Chief Clerk in the Register's Office of the Treasury Department. Eight years later it reappeared under different auspices with the title "A Monument to Washington's Patriotism." Co-author Kitman came across this historical curiosity at the New York Public Library while he was researching a proposed epic entitled *The Making of the President, 1789*.

**Modern Techniques.** Kitman is the kind of rabid comic who would buy a 1911 Chinese railway bond and then try to call up Chairman Mao to find out how the investment has been doing lately. He decided to look behind the sober smoke screen of Washington's meticulously kept accounts. In a fiendish demonstration of the power of scholarship, he proves, almost convincingly, that the father of his country was also the founder of modern expense-account living.

Apparently, the shrewd lord of Mount Vernon knew exactly what he was doing when he declined a salary in favor of expenses. Had he accepted a general's pay, Washington would have earned a total of \$48,000 (in modern dollars) during the Revolutionary War. In 1783, he submitted vouchers totaling \$414,108.21 plus \$7,488 in interest, representing a 6% annual charge for his personal cash outlays. In addition, Washington claimed \$27,665.30 in travel expenses for his wife Martha. He justified her visits to such winter resorts as Valley Forge on the grounds that the war kept him on the road so much he never had a chance to get home.

Elsewhere, according to Kitman, Washington demonstrated his mastery of modern expense-account techniques.

He included everything down to the last hurtleberry, mingled personal and business expenses, often picked up the checks for expenditures by close associates and occasionally even by his servants. Above all, he knew how to be specific about small items and convincingly vague about the big ones. Or, as Kitman puts it, how to "describe in some depth the purchase of a ball of twine but casually throw in the line, 'Dinner for one army.'"

Washington's expense account included large expenditures for numerous items related to intelligence or spying. But the largest single category—frequently explained as "sundries," "ditto" or "etc."—was for his housekeeping costs. Judging from Kitman's investi-



GEORGE WASHINGTON  
"Sundries," "ditto" and "etc."

gations, the Commander in Chief of the nation's first and only radical revolution lived exceedingly high on taxpayer dollars. He dressed in the latest military fashions, transported himself in the most expensive carriage available, and ate and drank royally. At Valley Forge, where Washington's troops shivered and gnawed on roasted shoes around open fires, the chief sacrifice at the general's table was to substitute rum and water for wine—an item that appears with stupefying regularity throughout the ledger.

The strongest single piece of evidence to prove that Washington would have fitted right in with today's expense-account crowd is all but hidden in the mass of Kitman's witty analysis. During his years of hastily retreating, briskly reconnoitering and vigorously crossing icy rivers before breakfast, the general managed to gain 28 lbs.

• R.Z. Sheppard

### Up Against the Men's Room Wall

SEXUAL POLITICS by Kate Millett. 393 pages. Doubleday. \$7.95.

First, a short radical-awareness test. Fill the blank spaces in the following statements:

- 1) What do those ---- want, anyhow?
- 2) There are good ---- and bad ----, just like anyone else.
- 3) ---- have often been guests in my home.

4) I'm not prejudiced; in fact, my children were even brought up by ----.

If you filled in the word Negroes or blacks, you flunk. Please accept a year's supply of condescending smiles. But if you wrote "women," or even "females," you are right on, grooved, with it, Queen for a Day.

**Pipe and Slippers.** For if it has not already happened at your house, braless converts to the Women's Liberation Movement are poised to leap right off the panels of the TV talk shows and play hell with your pipe and slippers. Sooner or later they will probably be armed with a copy of Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*. Despite placards and slogans, revolutions need theoretical touchstones, dialectics to subdue the opposition. In this regard, *Sexual Politics* will have its uses. Without making explicit comparisons with other contemporary movements, Millett attempts to place Women's Lib in the roiling main currents of the struggle for human rights. In effect, she translates the war of the sexes from the language of 19th century bedroom farce into the raw images of guerrilla warfare. What emerges from her pages is a vision in which men constitute a colonial power that exploits and suppresses the aspirations of women by whatever means necessary.

Although Millett modestly claims that her theory of sexual politics is "tentative and imperfect," it moves with the inexorable certainty of a long, lumbering freight train. It is full of strategically selected references to history, sociology, psychology, sexology, biology and literature. The material is written and assembled like a collection of incomplete Ph.D. treatises; the scholarship is carefully but forcefully tailored to prove her thesis.

A 36-year-old American sculptor and active New York feminist who graduated with honors from the University of Minnesota and Oxford, Millett views male supremacy as a myth that has been kept alive for thousands of years by a grandiose patriarchal conspiracy. "Primitive society," she writes, "practices its misogyny in terms of taboo and mana which evolve into explanatory myth. In historical cultures, this is transformed into ethical, then literary, and in the modern period, scientific rationalizations for the sexual politics."

The worst enemies are those who are thought to maintain their power and prerogatives with self-deluding and unctuous paternalism. Millett singles out

19th century chivalry, particularly as it is enshrined in the works of Tennyson and Ruskin. Like other feminist writers, Millett views such legends of feminine evil as Pandora's Box and the fall from Eden as basic instruments of patriarchal power. The etiquette of courtly and romantic love is also interpreted as a male method of emotionally manipulating and exploiting women, "since love is the only circumstance in which the female is (ideologically) pardoned for sexual activity."

Millett joins Simone de Beauvoir and Betty Friedan in attacking the paternal Dr. Freud. She echoes their arguments that his theories about female sexual maladjustment failed to distinguish adequately between biological and cultural causes. But she fails to grapple productively with the frighteningly complex and semantically booby-trapped matter

DAVID GAIR



KATE MILLETT  
*Queen for a Day.*

of the ways in which culture and biology modify one another. Elsewhere, she endorses the studies by Masters and Johnson of the female orgasm in order to demolish further the badly shattered Victorian myth that women have less sexual potential than men. But Millett the scholar and Millett the revolutionary cannot be separated. On the basis of discoveries that women have a theoretically inexhaustible capacity for multiple orgasms, she considers that the male-imposed institution of marriage, whether monogamous or polygamous, interferes with the achievement of women's sexual fulfillment.

Millett also applies her theories of sexual politics to literature, with not totally surprising results. D.H. Lawrence demonstrates male chauvinism through his quasi-religious cult of phallus worship. Henry Miller's sexual power fantasies, though honest in their hostility toward women, reflect a pathetic neurosis. Nor-

man Mailer is "a prisoner of the virility cult" and a sexual "archconservative" to whom the bed is an existential battleground for the greater glory of the patriarchy. The best expression of sexual politics, Millett argues, is the work of the French homosexual Jean Genet. "Lawrence, Miller and Mailer," she says, "identify woman as an annoying minority force to be put down and are concerned with a social order in which the female would be perfectly controlled. Genet, however, has integrated her into a vision of drastic social upheaval where her ancient subordination can produce explosive force."

It is in these literary essays that Millett's seriousness and passionate discontent are most strongly felt. The force of the blows will undoubtedly come as a surprise to most men and to a good many women. The army of those already punch-drunk from the arguments of numerous protest movements will undoubtedly shrug them off. Nice guys, who volunteer to wash the dishes and change the baby, may feel an inkling of what it must have been like for a moderate Southerner caught between protest and bigotry for the past 15 years. There will always be a few, however, who may want to invite Millett outside to settle the question of Women's Liberation in a manly manner.

■ R.Z.S.

## The Divided Self

GEORGE MEREDITH AND ENGLISH COMEDY by V.S. Pritchett. 123 pages. Random House. \$5.

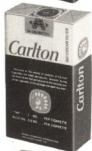
There are novelists that almost nobody reads and almost everybody feels guilty about. Then there are novelists that nobody reads—and what's more, nobody feels he has to. On this non-must list, the Victorian George Meredith ranks high—unfairly high, argues V.S. Pritchett, an expert craftsman of satirical short stories and, at 69, still Britain's best practicing critic.

Even Pritchett may not be able to start a Meredith revival. He has, nonetheless, brilliantly made Meredith a man who had something to say to Our Times—although he did not quite know how to say it. In Pritchett's critique, Meredith emerges as a writer trapped in a literary no man's land: he kept raising modern questions but ended up with Victorian answers.

**Gentleman Georgy.** Meredith was born in 1828 into an identity crisis. The son of a bankrupt tailor who married the family cook, he was brought up so properly by more respectable relatives that he came to be known as "Gentleman Georgy." There were further confusions.

A self-conscious Celt—the family liked to claim its line from a Welsh prince—Meredith was heir to two years of a German education. He complicated his life-style even more by affecting a Regency appearance and manner. A half-hearted stab at law, a simultaneous en-

Four packs  
of Carlton  
have less "tar"



than

one pack  
of the  
largest  
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filter king.\*

\*4.2 mg vs 20.2 mg per cigarette.  
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**GEORGE MEREDITH (BY MAX BEERBOHM)**

*Facing up to modern love.*

thrusting for poetry and boxing—nothing in Meredith's early life seemed to go together. By the time he was ready to write his novels, Pritchett implies, he had become a one-man, multi-role social comedy in himself. The ordeal of self-discovery—sorting it all out—became the theme of his books. Meredith was always trying on egos for size in front of his readers. Other novelists became their characters. Meredith's characters almost invariably became him.

Meredith worked two modern themes: the war between the generations and the war between the sexes. His best-known novel, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859), deals with an absolutist father who brings up his son according to a rigid system that, among other things, makes no allowance for sex. The reaction is as disastrous as it is predictable.

Meredith was one of the first novelists to face up to "modern love"—he even wrote a sonnet sequence with that title. He was also something of an early feminist; indeed, it was part of his literary credo that comedy could not exist without equality of the sexes. Among Victorian writers, he was conspicuous for creating women characters who could think—"the lady with brains," as he described his heroine in *The Egoist*. Meredith married one himself—the daughter of another comic novelist, Thomas Love Peacock. She collaborated with him on a study of the art of cookery, bore him a son, then deserted him for a painter.

**Aggressive Prudery.** Meredith was divided, above all, on the subject of sex. Like every Victorian author, he suffered, in Pritchett's words, "from the aggressive prudery of his readers." Much as he might have liked to strip down to bare revelations, Meredith, a tailor's son to the end, settled for a costume change,

etherealizing passion and abstracting love into a distant, chaste project. Still, it can be argued that no novelist of the 19th century had more to tell about the destructive and self-destructive impulses that coexist with love.

It took Meredith the better part of his life to catch on. Nevertheless, by the time of his death—May 18, 1909—he had come to a glorious Victorian sunset as the Sage of Box Hill. Almost stone-deaf, looking, in Virginia Woolf's phrase, like a ruined bust of Euripides, Meredith held court. When no one else was around, he talked to his dogs. In art, as in life, he was a nonstop talker, and it is the rhetorical, aphoristic Meredithian grand manner that finally puts off today's readers. Reading Meredith in quantity, Pritchett concedes, is like "a continuous diet of lobster and champagne," leading him to speculate whether writers with poor stomachs compensate with rich prose. (Meredith, a would-be gourmet, was afflicted by dyspepsia and had to survive at one time on vegetable juice.)

In Meredith's case, the style was truly the reflection of the man. For all his sermons against the sin of pride, he was an egoist writing about egoism. Thus the modern reader of his books is nearly suffocated by the presence of Mine Host, nudging, lecturing, possessed, as the novelist himself confessed, by the "cursed desire to show the reason." Nonetheless, it was Meredith's "splendid vanity," concludes Pritchett, that gave him the strength to put his contradictions on the line and struggle to resolve them. That, for Meredith, was what it meant to write a novel. The curse of self-consciousness may have made him hopelessly Victorian in manner. But that self-consciousness, deepened at best into self-awareness, also made Meredith our secret contemporary.

■ *Malvin Maddocks*

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *The Crystal Cave*, Stewart (5)
3. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (4)
4. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (2)
5. *Deliverance*, Dickey (3)
6. *Bech: A Book*, Updike (7)
7. *The Secret Woman*, Holt (6)
8. *Calico Palace*, Bristow (8)
9. *The Lord Won't Mind*, Merrick (9)
10. *Losing Battles*, Welty (10)

#### NONFICTION

1. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex*, Reuben (1)
2. *The Sensuous Woman*, "J" (3)
3. *Up the Organization*, Townsend (2)
4. *Zelda*, Milford (4)
5. *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson (7)
6. *Ball Four*, Bouton (5)
7. *The Wall Street Jungle*, Ney (6)
8. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser
9. *Hard Times*, Terkel (8)
10. *The New English Bible* (10)





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city: new schools that rank among the state's best; excellent air, rail, and highway transportation; unlimited recreational facilities; and a dynamic industrial climate offering not only a vast labor force, but also room to expand in the city's three new industrial parks. And like so many other progressive cities in the Northern Plains, Coon Rapids boasts an abundant supply of natural gas piped in by Northern Natural Gas Company, and distributed by the North Central Public Service Company. For detailed

information about plant location opportunities write the Coon Rapids Industrial Development Commission, or the Area Development Department, Northern Natural Gas Company, 2223 Dodge Street, Omaha, Nebraska 68102.



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